SELECT LESSONS,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE:

COMPILED FOR THE

USE of SCHOOLS.

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MDCCXCI.

THE chief Design in composing the following Collection, is to furnish a Variety of Lessons calculated for the general Practice of Teaching; wherein Brevity has been particularly attended to: as the immoderate Length of Lessons, is a Circumstance that renders similar Productions much less generally useful than otherwise they might prove.

SELECT LESSONS, &c.

LESSON I.

LET us conſider this preſent Life as a State of Diſcipline and School; where, by the Appointment of God himſelf Men are placed, that they may be trained up and prepared for an immortal State. Let us often reflect with ourſelves that we are now upon our Trial, acting a Part in the great Drama of Life, allotted us by the Supreme Lord of the Univerſe; and the Time approaches, when he will reward or puniſh every One, as he acts his Part well or ill, in that Day when he ſhall judge the World in Righteouſneſs by Jeſus Chriſt. Let us be diligent and conſtant in all Duties of Piety and Devotion towards God, and of Juſtice and Charity towards our Fellow-Creatures; and of Sobriety, Patience, and Humility, with Reſpect to ourſelves: ſtill remembering that theſe are the great and fundamental Duties, both of natural and revealed Religion.

LESSON II.

LET us labour to be well acquainted with ourſelves, according to the celebrated Maxim of the wiſe Men of Greece, "KNOW THYSELF." And let us endeavour to make all our Studies turn to the making us wiſer and better (without which all our Knowledge will ſignify Nothing); and let our Learning create in us a Senſe of our entire Dependance upon God for every Thing; that He may bleſs all our Labours and Studies for thoſe valuable Purpoſes.

LESSON III.

AS Knowledge is that which eminently diſtinguiſhes Man from the brute Creation, and as the different Degrees of it, which Individuals poſſeſs, make thoſe Diſtinctions which are obſervable among our own Species; we certainly ought to improve and cultivate it as far as lies in our Power. So pleaſing is the Enquiry after Knowledge, and ſo ſatisfactory is the Diſcovery of it upon ſearching, that the Reliſh and Enjoyment of it far exceed the moſt ſenſual Pleaſures, and no Perſon deſerves the Name of a Man, who does not allow his rational Faculty, full and free Exerciſe in the Contemplation of God and his Creation.

LESSON IV.

THE Soul of Man may become brutal, without removing its Lodging into the Body of a Brute: and that Man who follows the Guidance of his ſenſual Appetites, and allows his rational and immortal Part no Share in the Direction of his Conduct, is worſe than a Brute; and is unjuſtly ranked in the higheſt Scale of this ſublunary Creation: for there is not an animal Senſe in which ſome Species of the brute Creation does not excel Man: yet Man infinitely excels all the other Parts of this ſublunary Creation: in that he is made capable of knowing, ſerving, and enjoying his great Creator for ever: and in ſo far as he co-operates with the Intention of Providence in his Creation, ſo far is he the Favorite of Heaven, the nobleſt Work of this Creation, and the King and Potentate of this lower World; and may almoſt come within Sight of the Angels in Knowledge and ſublime Contemplation: yet he may become as much a Beaſt, as the Horſe he rides, or the Dog he feeds: ſo much will the Soul of Man degenerate from itſelf, if not improved as it ought to be.

LESSON V.

GOD has placed on this Earth a great Variety of ſentient and perceptive Beings, ariſing one above another in a beautiful Scale and Perfection; but it is to Man alone that he has granted Powers and

Faculties fit for examining the Laws and Nature of the Univerſe: but none have ſuch ſuperior Powers and Faculties as to attain to Knowledge without great Labor and Attention; and whoever wiſhes to attain to the Name of LEARNED, muſt ſweat, and toil, and labor; for we come into the World entirely ignorant; and know nothing of ourſelves, our Connection with the Reſt of the World, or the Relation that one bears to another. By Degrees we get Perceptions, and learn by Experience the Connection they have with one another, and how Alterations may be produced in Things: hence it is evident, our Knowledge muſt be acquired gradually and by piecemeal, from experienced Obſervation; and that it will always be proportionate to the Extent of our Experience, and the Exactneſs of our Obſervation.

LESSON VI.

1. THE Knowledge of Letters is one of the greateſt Bleſſings that ever God beſtowed upon Man. By this Means we preſerve for our own Uſe, through all our Lives, what our Memory would have loſt in a few Days, and lay up a rich Treaſure of Knowledge for thoſe that ſhall come after us. By the Art of Reading and Writing, we can ſit at Home and acquaint ourſelves of what is done in all the diſtant Parts of the World, and find what our Fathers did long ago in the firſt Ages of Mankind. By this Means, a Briton holds Correſpondence

ſpondence with his Friend in America or Japan, and manages all his Traffic. We learn by this Means, how the old Romans lived, how the Jews worſhipped, where Adam dwelt, and what he did ſoon after the Creation; and thoſe, who ſhall live when the Day of Judgment comes, may learn by the ſame Means, what we now ſpeak, and what we do in GREAT BRITAIN, or in the Land of CHINA

2. In ſhort, the Art of Letters does, as it were, revive all the paſt Ages of Men, and ſet them at once upon the Stage; and brings all the Nations from afar, and gives them, as it were, a general Interview: ſo that the moſt diſtant Nations, and diſtant Ages of Mankind, may converſe together, and grow into Acquaintance.

3. But the greateſt Bleſſing of all, is the Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures; wherein God hath appointed his Servants, in ancient Times, to write down the Diſcourſes which he has made of his Power and Juſtice, his Providence and his Grace; that we, who live near the End of Time, may learn the Way to Heaven, and everlaſting Happineſs. Thus Letters give us a Sort of Immortality in this World, and they are given us in the Word of God, to ſupport our immortal Hope in the next.

LESSON VII.

WHATEVER Care is uſed in the Education of Children, it is ſtill too little to anſwer the End: to make it ſucceed there muſt be excellent Governors: but where ſhall we find them, when Princes find it difficult to get and keep them for themſelves? Where can we meet with Men ſo much ſuperior to others, as to deſerve to be entruſted with their Conduct? Yet the firſt Years of a Man's Life are precious; ſince they lay the Foundation of the Merit of the Reſt. There are but two Seaſons of Life in which Truth diſtinguiſhes itſelf for our Advantage. In Youth for our Inſtruction; and in our advanced Years, to comfort us. In the Age that Paſſions reign, Truth generally quits us for the Time.

LESSON VIII.

VIRTUE is a Subject which deſerves your and every One's Attention. It conſiſts in doing Good, and in ſpeaking Truth; the Effects of it, therefore, are advantageous to all Mankind, and to One's Self in particular. Virtue makes us pity and relieve the Misfortunes of Mankind; it makes us promote Juſtice and good Order in Society; and, in general, contributes to whatever tends to the real Good of Mankind. To ourſelves it gives an inward Comfort and Satisfaction, which nothing elſe can do, and which nothing can rob us of.

LESSON

LESSON IX.

1. VIRTUE is of intrinſic Value and good Deſert, and of indiſpenſable Obligation; not the Creature of Will, but neceſſary and immutable: not local or temporary, but of equal Extent and Antiquity with the Divine Mind: not a Mode of Senſation, but everlaſting TRUTH: not dependant on Power, but the Guide of all Power. Virtue is the Foundation of Honor and Eſteem, and the Source of all Beauty, Order, and Happineſs in Nature.

2. Virtue is what confers Value on all the other Endowments and Qualities of a reaſonable Being, to which they ought to be abſolutely ſubſervient, and without which, the more eminent they are, the more hideous Deformities and the greater Curſes they become. The Uſe of it is not confined to any one Stage of our Exiſtence, or to any particular Situation we can be in; but reaches through all the Periods and Circumſtances of our Beings.

3. Many of the Endowments and Talents we now poſſeſs, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will ceaſe entirely with the preſent State; but this will be our Ornament and Dignity in every future State to which we may be removed. Beauty and Wit will die, Learning will vaniſh away, and all the Arts of Life be ſoon forgot: but VIRTUE will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational Creation, and fits us for converſing with any Order of ſuperior Natures, and for a Place in any

Part

Part of God's Works. It procures us the Approbation and Love of all wiſe and good Beings, and renders them our Allies and Friends.

4. But what is of unſpeakably greater Conſequence, is, that it makes God our Friend: aſſimilates and unites our Minds to his, and engages his almighty Power in our Defence. Superior Beings of all Ranks are bound by it no leſs than ourſelves; it has the ſame Authority in all Worlds that it has in this. The further any Being is advanced in Excellence and Perfection, the greater is his Attachment to it, and the more is he under its Influence. To ſay no more, 'tis the Law of the whole Univerſe; it ſtands firſt in the Eſtimation of the Deity; its Original is his Nature; and it is the very Object that makes him lovely.

5. Such is the Importance of Virtue.—Of what Conſequence therefore, is it that we practice it? There is no Argument or Motive which is at all fitted to influence a reaſonable Mind which does not call us to this. One virtuous Diſpoſition of Soul is preferable to the greateſt natural Accompliſhments and Abilities, and of more Value than all the Treaſures of the World. If you are wiſe, then, ſtudy Virtue; and contemn every Thing that can come in Competition with it. Remember that Nothing elſe deſerves one anxious Thought or Wiſh. Remember that this alone is Honor, Glory, Wealth, and Happineſs. Secure this, and you ſecure every Thing. Loſe this and All is loſt.

LESSON X.

AMONG all the Accompliſhments of Youth, there is none preferable to a decent and agreeable Behaviour among Men, a modeſt Freedom of Speech, a ſoft and elegant Manner of Addreſs, a graceful and lovely Deportment, a cheerful Gravity and good Humour, with a Mind appearing ever ſerene under the ruffling Accidents of human Life. Add to this a pleaſing Solemnity and Reverence when the Diſcourſe turns upon any Thing ſacred and divine; a becoming Neglect of Injuries; a Hatred of Calumny and Slander; a Habit of ſpeaking well of Others; a pleaſing Benevolence and Readineſs to do Good to Mankind; and ſpecial Compaſſion to the Miſerable; with an Air and Countenance, in a natural and unaffected Manner, expreſſive of all theſe excellent Qualifications.

LESSON XI.

PRUDENCE conſiſts in judging well what is to be ſaid, and what is to be done, on every new Occaſion; when to lie ſtill, and when to be active; when to keep Silence, and when to ſpeak; what to avoid, and what to purſue; how to act in every Difficulty; what Means to make uſe of to compaſs ſuch an End; how to behave in every Circumſtance of

of Life, and in all Companies; how to gain the Favor of Mankind, in Order to promote our own Happineſs; and to do the moſt Service to God, and the moſt Good to Men, according to the Station we poſſeſs, and thoſe Opportunities we enjoy.

LESSON XII.

JUSTICE conſiſts in an exact and ſcrupulous Regard to the Rights of Others, with a deliberate Purpoſe to preſerve them on all Occaſions ſacred and inviolate: And from this fair and equitable Temper, performing every neceſſary Act of Juſtice that relates to their Perſons or Properties; being juſt to their Merits, and juſt to their very Infirmities, by making all the Allowance in their Favor which their Circumſtances require, and a good-natured and equitable Conſtruction of particular Caſes will admit of; being true to our Friendſhips, to our Promiſes, and Contracts; juſt in our Traffic, juſt in our Demands, and juſt by obſerving a due Moderation and Proportion even in our Reſentments.

LESSON XIII.

TEMPERANCE conſiſts in guarding againſt ſuch an Uſe of Meats and Drinks, as indiſpoſes the Body for the Service of the Soul, or robs me of my Time, or occaſions an Expence beyond what my Circum-

Circumſtances admit, or beyond what will conſiſt with thoſe Liberalities to the Poor, which my Relation to God and to them require: and ſtrongly guarded againſt whatever has a Tendency to increaſe a ſenſual Diſpoſition, or alienate my Soul from Converſe with God, and diminiſh its Zeal and Activity in his Service, or waſte my benevolent Temper to Mankind.

LESSON XIV.

CHRISTIAN Fortitude, or Courage, is a juſt Firmneſs of Soul in the Proſpect of Danger in the Way of Duty. It enables us to perſevere with Steadineſs in the View of the greateſt Diſcouragements and fierceſt Oppoſition.——Active Fortitude is ſuch a Temper of Soul, as enables us to attempt and venture upon any bold Act of Duty, which may endanger our preſent Eaſe and worldly Intereſt, and prompts us to purſue it with a becoming Steadineſs and Bravery of Mind, undaunted at every Oppoſition we meet with, and unterrified at all the threatening Dangers that ſtand in our Way.—— Paſſive Fortitude is ſuch an habitual Firmneſs and Conſtancy of Soul, as enables us to bear what Sufferings we fall under, without repining and inward Vexation, and without any outward Tokens of Sinking or Deſpondency; when we ſuſtain heavy Sorrows or Anguiſh of the Fleſh, without any wild or unreaſonable Groanings of Nature, without Rage and unbecoming Reſentment, without Tumult and

and Confuſion of Spirit; and this ſhould be the Temper of our Souls and Chriſtian Conduct, whether the Sufferings which we feel, ariſe from the immediate Hand of God, or from the Injuries and Violence of Men.

LESSON XV.

AMONG the infinite Number of Taſtes invented by Luxury and Senſuality, why has there not been one formed for relieving the Miſerable? Does not Humanity itſelf make you feel the Neceſſity of aſſiſting your Fellow-Creatures? Good-natured and generous Tempers are more ſenſible of the Obligation that lies upon them to do Good, than they are of all the other Neceſſities of Life. MARCUS AURELIUS thanked God for his having always done Good to his Friends without making them wait for it. 'Tis the great Felicity of Grandeur, when others find their Fortune in our's: I can't (ſaid that Prince) have any Reliſh of a Happineſs that Nobody ſhares in but myſelf.

LESSON XVI.

TRUTH and Faithfulneſs are divine Perfections, but Lying and Falſhood are the Properties of the Devil, and the predominant Qualities of Hell. No Man can be cruel and unmerciful, falſe and treacherous, without a very high Degree of Guilt; becauſe

cauſe theſe Sins are contrary to the chiefeſt and moſt eſſential Perfections of God. Lying is a Sin that would fly in the Face of an Heathen, becauſe it directly contradicts thoſe natural Notions which every Man hath of Godand Religion; therefore we find that there is hardly any Thing that Men are more aſhamed of than to be taken in a Lie; and it is eſteemed the higheſt Reproach to be charged with it: it argues ſuch a direct Contrariety to that which is the Rule of Perfection, "The Nature of God," and conſequently ſo much Imperfection, and Baſeneſs; he that tells a Lie out of Fear, is at once bold towards God, and baſe towards Men.

LESSON XVII.

WHATEVER is external to a Man, whatever may be common to Good and Bad, does not make him truly eſtimable: we muſt judge of Men from the Heart, from thence proceed great Deſigns, great Actions, great Virtues. Solid Glory, which cannot be imitated by Pride, nor equalled by Pomp, reſides in perſonal Qualifications and noble Sentiments. To be good, liberal, beneficent, and generous; to value Riches only for the Sake of diſtributing them; Places of Honor, for the Service of our Country; Power and Credit, to be in a Condition to ſuppreſs Vice and reward Virtue; to be really good without ſeeking to appear ſo; to bear Poverty nobly; to ſuffer Injuries and Affronts with

Patience; to ſtifle Reſentment, and to do every good Office to an Enemy, when we have it in our Power to be revenged of him; to prefer the public Good to every Thing; to ſacrifice our Wealth, Repoſe, Life and Fame, if neceſſary, to it; theſe make a Man truly great and eſtimable. Take away Probity from the moſt ſhining Actions, the moſt valuable Qualities, and what are they but Objects of Contempt? Are the Drunkenneſs of Alexander, the Murder of his beſt Friends, his inſatiable Thirſt of Praiſe and Flattery, and his Vanity in deſiring to paſs for the Son of Jupiter, tho' he did not believe it himſelf, are theſe conſiſtent with the Character of a great Prince? When we ſee Marius, and after him Sylla, ſhedding Torrents of Roman Blood for the Eſtabliſhment of their own Power, what Regard can we pay to their Victories and Triumphs.

LESSON XVIII.

THERE are real and perſonal Dignities, and there are Dignities of Inſtitution: there is always a Reſpect due to Perſons in elevated Situations, but it is merely an outward Reſpect: our real Reſpect and Eſteem is due only to Merit. When Fortune and Virtue have concurred to raiſe a Man to a high Poſt, there is a double Empire in the Caſe, which commands a double Submiſſion; but let not the Glittering of Grandeur dazzle and impoſe upon you. There are ſome mean Souls that are always crouching

crouching and grovelling before Grandeur. One ought to ſeparate the Man from the Dignity, and ſee what he is when he is ſtripped of it: there is another Greatneſs very different from that which Power and Authority give; 'Tis neither Birth nor Riches that diſtinguiſh Men; the only real and true Superiority among them is Merit.

LESSON XIX.

LEARN to reverence and ſtand in awe of yourſelf. The Foundation of Happineſs is laid in the Peace of the Mind, and the ſecret Teſtimony of the Conſcience. By the Word, Conſcience, I mean the inward Senſe of a nice Honor, which aſſures you that you have Nothing to reproach yourſelf with. Again, how happy is it to know how to live with one's Self; to renew your Acquaintance there with Pleaſure, and quit yourſelf for a Time with Regret? The World then indeed is leſs neceſſary to you; but take care it does not make you out of Humour with it. One muſt not entertain an Averſion for Men; they will deſert you, when you deſert them: You have ſtill Occaſion for them; you are not either of an Age or Profeſſion to do without them. But when one knows how to live with one's Self as well as with the World, they are two Pleaſures that ſupport one another.

LESSON XX.

KEEP a ſtrict Guard over your Heart; it is the Source of Innocence and Happineſs. You will not pay too dear for the Freedom of your Mind and Heart, tho' you purchaſe it by the Sacrifice of your Pleaſures. Never expect then to reconcile Senſuality with Glory, or the Charms of Voluptuouſneſs with the Recompence of Virtue. However, when you bid adieu to Pleaſure, you will find in other Things, Satisfaction enough to make you amends. There are various Sorts of it: Glory and Truth have their Pleaſures; they are the Delights of the Soul and Heart.

LESSON XXI.

TAKE care to have Thoughts and Sentiments worthy of you. Virtue raiſes the Dignity of Man, and Vice degrades him. If one was unhappy enough to want an honeſt Heart, one ought for one's own Intereſt to correct it. Nothing makes a Man truly valuable but his Heart, and Nothing but that can make him happy; ſince our Happineſs depends only on the Nature of our Inclinations. If they are ſuch as lead you to trifling Paſſions, you will be the Sport of their vain Attachments. They offer you Flowers; but always (as Montaigne ſays) miſtruſt the Treachery of your Pleaſures.

LESSON

LESSON XXII.

PROBITY, Fidelity in keeping one's Word, and the Love of Truth, are Subjects which cannot be too much inſiſted on. Indeed a Man of ſtrict Honor knows not what it is to tell a Lie. What Elogiums does not the World give, and give deſervedly, to Lovers of Truth. The Man, ſay they, that does Good, and ſpeaks Truth, reſembles the Deity, whoſe eſſential Properties are Goodneſs and Truth. We are not indeed obliged always to ſpeak what we think, but we muſt always think what we ſpeak. The true Uſe of Speech is to promote Truth. When a Man has acquired a Reputation for Veracity, his Word is taken implicitly; it has all the Authority of an Oath; and the World receives what he ſays with a Sort of religious Reſpect.

LESSON XXIII.

MEN have found it neceſſary as well as agreeable to unite for the Common-good. They have made Laws to reſtrain the Wicked: they have agreed amongſt themſelves as to the Duties of Society, and have annexed an honorable Character to the Practice of thoſe Duties. He is the honeſt Man that obſerves them with the moſt Exactneſs; and the Inſtances of them multiply in Proportion to the Degree and Nicety of a Perſon's Honor. Virtues are linked together, and have a Sort of Alliance with one another. What conſtitutes a Hero, is the Union of all the Virtues.

LESSON XXIV.

THERE is a certain Order in the Obligations which Men owe to Society. A Man ſhould know how to live with his Superiors, his Equals, and his Inferiors, as well as with himſelf. With his Superiors he ſhould know how to pleaſe, without ſinking into Meanneſs; ſhould ſhew an Eſteem and Friendſhip to his Equals; ſhould condeſcend to his Inferiors, ſo as not to let them feel the Weight of his Superiority; and ſhould keep up a Dignity with himſelf; but all theſe Obligations are vaſtly inferior to the Veneration we owe to the Supreme Being.

LESSON XXV.

RELIGION, is a Correſpondence ſettled between God and Man, by the Favors of God to Men, and the Worſhip that Men pay to God. Souls of a ſuperior Genius entertain noble Sentiments of the Deity, and pay him an Adoration peculiar to themſelves, very different from that of the Vulgar; it all comes from their Heart, and is directed immediately to God. They ſcorn to aſſume that libertine Air with which the Generality of young Men diſtinguiſh themſelves, by attacking Religion, and making it the Butt for their Ridicule: ſuch an Air, inſtead of arguing a Superiority of Underſtanding, ſhews only the Depravity of the Heart. Nothing makes a ſenſible Man happier, than to have his

his Underſtanding convinced, and his Heart affected by Religion; it is of excellent Uſe in every Seaſon and Circumſtance of Life.

LESSON XXVI.

WE ſhould reverence our Conſciences, and ſtand in awe of them, and have a great Regard to their Teſtimony and Verdict. For Conſcience is a domeſtic Judge, and a Kind of familiar God: And therefore, next to the ſupreme Majeſty of Heaven and Earth, every Man ſhould be afraid to offend his own Reaſon and Conſcience; which whenever we knowingly do amiſs, will beat us with many Stripes, and handle us more ſeverely than the greateſt Enemy we have in the World: So that next to the dreadful Sentence of the great Day, every Man hath Reaſon to dread the Sentence of his own Conſcience. God indeed is greater than our Hearts, and knoweth all Things; but under Him we have the greateſt Reaſon to fear the Judgment of our own Conſciences: For Nothing but that can give us Comfort; and Nothing can create ſo much Trouble and Diſquiet to us.

LESSON XXVII.

THERE is certainly no ſuch Comfort under the Evils and Afflictions of this Life, as a faithful Witneſs in our Breaſts of our own Innocency and Integrity.

Integrity. When we are afflicted by God, or perſecuted and reviled by Men, it cannot but be a mighty Conſolation to us, to be conſcious to ourſelves of our own Sincerity. For though no Man can acquit and juſtify himſelf before God, as to the perfect Innocency of his Life; yet as to the general Courſe and Tenor of an unblameable Life, a good Man may appeal to God; and even when he afflicts him, may look upon him as a tender and compaſſionate Father, and not as an angry and revengeful Judge. But, above all other Times, the Comfort of a good Conſcience is moſt ſenſible, and moſt conſiderable at the Hour of Death: For as Nothing dejects a Man's Spirits more, and ſends him down with ſo much Sorrow to the Grave, as the Guilt of an evil Conſcience; ſo on the other Hand there is Nothing that revives and raiſes the fainting Spirits of a dying Man, like the Conſcience of a holy and uſeful Life, which hath brought Glory to God, and Good to Men.

LESSON XXVIII.

THE Man who lives under an habitual Senſe of the Divine Preſence, keeps up a perpetual Cheerfulneſs of Temper, and enjoys every Moment the Satisfaction of thinking himſelf in Company with his neareſt and beſt Friend. The Time never lies heavy upon him: It is impoſſible for him to be alone. His Thoughts and Paſſions are moſt buſied at ſuch Hours when thoſe of other Men are moſt inactive;

inactive; He no ſooner ſteps out of the World, but his Heart burns with Devotion, ſwells with Hope, and triumphs in the Conſciouſneſs of that Preſence which every where ſurrounds him: or, on the contrary, pours out its Fears, its Sorrows, its Apprehenſions to the great Author and Supporter of its Exiſtence.

LESSON XXIX.

ALL corrupt and filthy Communication is a notorious Abuſe of one of the greateſt and beſt Gifts which God hath given us; and does directly contradict the natural End and Uſe of Speech. Our Tongue is our Glory, as the holy Pſalmiſt often calls it; who had duly conſidered the Excellency and Uſe of this Faculty, and took great Care to employ it to the Purpoſes for which God gave it, and is herein an admirable Pattern to us. The two great Ends for which this Faculty of Speech is given us, are to glorify God our Maker, and to edify Man our Neighbour: But all corrupt Communication contradicts both theſe Ends: becauſe inſtead of praiſing God with pure Hearts and Lips, we do greatly diſhonour him, by polluting our Tongue with lewd and filthy Talk. For hereby we offer a direct Affront to his holy Nature and Laws. This renders us altogether unfit for the Worſhip and Service of Almighty God, who is of purer Eyes than to behold Iniquity and Impurity of any Kind. For how can we think that he will accept thoſe

Prayers

Prayers and Praiſes which are offered to him by ſuch impure and unhallowed Lips? When we diſhonour God with the ſame Mouth that we pretend to glorify him? And commit Sin with the ſame Tongue that we confeſs it? How can we hope that he will accept the Sacrifice of ſuch polluted Lips, out of which proceed Things ſo contrary and inconſiſtent?

LESSON XXX.

PRECEPTS and Diſcourſes of Virtue are only the Pictures, and artificial Deſcriptions of it. A virtuous Example is Virtue animated, and expoſed to our View in all its living Charms and Attractions; and therefore by how much Nature exceeds Art, and the moſt accompliſhed Beauties excel their Statues and Pictures, by ſo much is Virtue in Example more amiable and attractive than in Precepts and Diſcourſes. In good Examples we ſee Virtue alive, and in Motion, exerting itſelf in the moſt comel[illegible]tions and graceful Geſtures.

LESSON XXXI.

NOTHING pleaſes ſo much as ſenſible and tender Perſons trying to make a Friendſhip with others. Take care to carry yourſelf in ſuch a Manner, that your Behaviour may at once make a Tender of your own Friendſhip, and invite the Friendſhip of others.

You

You can never be an amiable Man, without knowing how to be a Friend, without a Taſte and Knowledge of Friendſhip. It is this corrects the Vices of Society; it ſoftens the Roughneſs of People's Natures; it brings down their Vanity, and makes them know themſelves. All the Obligations of Honour are included in the Obligations of perfect Friendſhip.

LESSON XXXII.

THE Love of Eſteem is the Life and Soul of Society; it unites us to one another: I want your Approbation, you ſtand in Need of mine: by forſaking the Converſe of Men we forſake the Virtues neceſſary for Society; for when one is alone, one is apt to grow negligent: the World forces you to have a Guard over yourſelf. Politeneſs is the moſt neceſſary Quality for Converſation: it is the Art of employing the exterior Marks of Breeding; which, after all, gives us no Aſſurance of a Man's inward Quality. Politeneſs is an Imitation of Honeſty, and ſhews a Man in his Outſide ſuch as he ought to be within: it diſcovers itſelf in every Thing; in his Air, in his Diſcourſe, and in his Actions.

LESSON XXXIII.

A PASSION for Glory may contribute greatly to your Advancement and Happineſs: but it may likewiſe

likewiſe make you unhappy and deſpicable, if you know not how to govern it: it is the moſt active and laſting of all our Inclinations. The Love of Glory is the laſt Paſſion that quits us; but we muſt not confound it with Vanity. Vanity aims at the Approbation of other People; true Glory, at the ſecret Teſtimony of the Conſcience. Endeavour to gratify the Paſſion that you have for Glory; make ſure of this inward Teſtimony: your Tribunal is ſeated in your own Breaſt, why then ſhould you ſeek it elſewhere? You can always be a Judge of your own Worth. Let Men diſpute your good Qualities, if they pleaſe; as they do not know you, you can eaſily conſole yourſelf. It is not of ſo much Conſequence to be thought an honeſt Man, as to be one.

LESSON XXXIV.

YOU may depend upon it, that there is no Condition but has its Troubles; it is the Situation of human Life; there is nothing pure and unblended in it. It is to pretend to exempt one's ſelf from the common Law of our Nature, to expect a conſtant Happineſs. The very Perſons that you think the happieſt would hardly appear ſo to you, if you knew the exact Situation of their Fortune or their Heart. Thoſe that are raiſed the higheſt, are frequently the moſt unhappy. With great Employments, and vulgar Maxims, one is always reſtleſs and uneaſy: it is not Places, but Reaſon that removes

moves Anxiety from the Mind; if you are wiſe, Fortune can neither increaſe or diminiſh your Happineſs.

LESSON XXXV.

AMONG all the Accompliſhments of Youth, there is none preferable to a decent and agreeable Behaviour among Men, a modeſt Freedom of Speech, a ſoft and elegant Manner of Addreſs, a graceful and lovely Deportment, a cheerful Gravity and good Humour, with a Mind appearing ever ſerene under the ruffling Accidents of human Life. Add to this, a pleaſing Solemnity and Reverence when the Diſcourſe turns upon any Thing ſacred and divine; a becoming Neglect of Injuries; a Hatred of Calumny and Slander; a Habit of ſpeaking well of others; a pleaſing Benevolence and Readineſs to do good to Mankind; and ſpecial Compaſſion to the Miſerable; with an Air and Countenance, in a natural and unaffected Manner, expreſſive of all theſe excellent Qualifications.

LESSON XXXVI.

THE Deſire of Pleaſing is at leaſt half the Art of doing it; the Reſt depends only upon the Manner, which Attention, Obſervation, and frequenting good Company will teach.

Thoſe who are lazy, careleſs, and indifferent whether they pleaſe or not, we may depend upon

it, will never pleaſe. The Art of Pleaſing is a very neceſſary one to poſſeſs, but a very difficult one to acquire. To do as one would be done by, is the ſureſt Method of Pleaſing. Obſerve carefully what pleaſes us in others, and probably the ſame Things in us will pleaſe others. If we are pleaſed with the Complaiſance, and Attention of others to our Humours, our Taſtes, or our Weakneſſes, the ſame Complaiſance and Attention, on our Part to theirs, will equally pleaſe them.

LESSON XXXVII.

AS it is neceſſary to poſſeſs Learning, Honour, and Virtue, to gain the Eſteem and Admiration of Mankind, ſo Politeneſs and Good-breeding are equally neceſſary to render us agreeable in Converſation and common Life. Great Talents are above the Generality of the World; who neither poſſeſs them themſelves, nor are competent Judges of them in others: but all are Judges of the leſſer Talents, ſuch as Civility, Affability, and an agreeable Addreſs and Manner; becauſe they feel the good Effects of them, as making Society eaſy and agreeable.

LESSON XXXVIII.

THERE is Nothing more difficult to attain, or ſo neceſſary to poſſeſs, as perfect Good-breeding; which is equally inconſiſtent with a ſtiff Formality,

an

an impertinent Forwardneſs, and an awkward Baſhfulneſs. A little Ceremony is ſometimes neceſſary; a certain Degree of Firmneſs is abſolutely ſo, and an outward Modeſty is extremely becoming.

LESSON XXXIX.

GOOD-BREEDING has been juſtly defined to be the Reſult of much Good-ſenſe, ſome Good-nature, and a little Self-denial for the Sake of others, and with a View to obtain the ſame Indulgence from them. Good-breeding alone can prepoſſeſs People in our Favour at firſt Sight, more Time being neceſſary to diſcover greater Talents. Good-breeding, however, does not conſiſt in low Bows, and formal Ceremony, but in an eaſy, civil, and reſpectful Behaviour.

LESSON XL.

GOOD-SENSE in many Caſes muſt determine Good-breeding; for what would be civil at one Time, and to one Perſon, would be rude at another Time, and to another Perſon; there are, however, ſome general Rules of Good-breeding. As for Example: To anſwer only, Yes or No, to any Perſon, without adding Sir, My Lord, or Madam (as it may happen) is always extremely rude; and it is equally ſo not to give proper Attention and a

civil Anſwer when ſpoken to; ſuch Behaviour convinces the Perſon who is ſpeaking to us, that we deſpiſe him, and do not think him worthy of our Attention or Anſwer.

LESSON XLI.

A WELL-BRED Perſon will take Care to anſwer with Complaiſance when he is ſpoken to: will place himſelf at the lower End of the Table, unleſs bid to go higher; will firſt drink to the Lady of the Houſe, and then to the Maſter; he will not eat awkwardly or dirtily, nor ſit when others ſtand; and he will do all this with an Air of Complaiſance, and not with a grave, ill-natured Look, as if he did it all unwillingly.

LESSON XLII.

TRUE Politeneſs is an Evenneſs of Soul, that excludes at the ſame Time, Inſenſibility, and too much Earneſtneſs.—It ſuppoſes a quick Diſcernment of the different Characters, Tempers, Miſeries, or Perfections of Man; and by a ſweet Condeſcenſion adapts itſelf to each Man's Caſe; never to flatter, but always to calm the Paſſions.—It is a Kind of forgetting one's ſelf, in order to be agreeable to others, yet in ſo delicate a Manner as ſcarcely to let them perceive you are ſo employed. It knows how to contradict with Reſpect, and

to

to pleaſe without Sneaking or Adulation; and is equally remote from an inſipid Complaiſance, and a low familiarity.

LESSON XLIII.

POLITENESS, is a Deſire to pleaſe the Perſons with whom we are obliged to live; and to behave ourſelves in ſuch a Manner that all the World may be ſatisfied with us: our Superiors with our Reſpects; our Equals with our Eſteem; and our Inferiors with our Kindneſs and Condeſcenſion. In a word, it conſiſts in a Care to pleaſe, and ſay what is proper to every Body. It ſets out their good Qualities; it makes them ſenſible that you acknowledge their Superiority; when you know how to exalt them, they will ſet you out in their Turn; they will give you the ſame Preference to others, which you are pleaſed to give them to yourſelf: their Self-love obliges them to do ſo.

LESSON XLIV.

WHEN you oppoſe or contradict any Perſon's Aſſertion or Opinion, let your Manner, your Air, your Terms, and your Tone of Voice be ſoft and gentle; and that eaſily and naturally, not affectedly. Uſe Palliatives when you contradict; ſuch as, I may be miſtaken, I am not ſure, but I believe; I ſhould rather think, &c. Finiſh any Argument or Diſpute with ſome little good-humoured Pleaſantry,

to ſhew that you are neither hurt yourſelf, nor meant to hurt your Antagoniſt; for, an Argument kept up a good While, often occaſions a temporary Alienation on each Side.

LESSON XLV.

THERE is an Awkwardneſs of Expreſſion and Words moſt carefully to be avoided; ſuch as falſe Engliſh, bad Pronunciation, old Sayings, and common Proverbs; which are ſo many Proofs of having kept bad and low Company. For Example; If, inſtead of ſaying, that 'Taſtes are different, and that every Man has his own peculiar One,' you ſhould let off a Proverb, and ſay, that 'What is one Man's Meat is another Man's Poiſon;' or elſe, 'Every One as they like, as the good Man ſaid when he kiſſed his Cow;' every Body would be perſuaded that you had never kept Company with any Body above Footmen and Houſemaids.

LESSON XLVI.

THERE is an Awkwardneſs of the Mind, that ought to be, and with Care may be avoided: as for inſtance, to miſtake or forget Names; to ſpeak of Mr. What-d'ye-call him, or Mrs. Thingum, or How-d'ye-call-her, is exceſſively awkward and ordinary. To call People by improper Titles, and Appellations, is ſo too; as my Lord, for Sir: and Sir, for my Lord. To begin a Story or a Narration, when

when you are not perfect in it and cannot go through with it, but are forced, poſſibly, to ſay, in the Middle of it, 'I have forgot the reſt;' is very unpleaſant and bungling. One muſt be extremely exact, clear, and perſpicuous in every Thing one ſays, otherwiſe inſtead of entertaining or informing others, one only tires and puzzles them.

LESSON XLVII.

ORTHOGRAPHY, or ſpelling well, is ſo abſolutely neceſſary for a Man of Letters, or a Gentleman, that one falſe Spelling may fix a Ridicule on him for the Remainder of his Life. Reading carefully will contribute in a great Meaſure to preſerve you from expoſing yourſelf by falſe Spelling; for Books are generally well ſpelled, according to the Orthography of the Times. Sometimes Words indeed are ſpelled differently by different Authors, but thoſe Inſtances are rare; and where there is only one Way of Spelling a Word, ſhould you ſpell it wrong, you will be ſure to be ridiculed.

LESSON XLVIII.

WHATEVER Language a Perſon uſes, he ought to ſpeak it in its greateſt Purity, and according to the Rules of Grammar: nor is it ſufficient that we do not ſpeak a Language ill, we muſt endeavour to ſpeak it well: for which Purpoſe, we ſhould read the beſt Authors with Attention; and obſerve

obſerve how People of Faſhion and Education ſpeak. Common People, in general, ſpeak ill; they make uſe of inelegant and vulgar Expreſſions, which People of Rank ſeldom do. In Numbers they frequently join the ſingular and plural together, and confound the Maſculine with the Feminine Gender; and ſeldom make Choice of the proper Tenſe. To avoid all theſe Faults, we ſhould read with Attention; and obſerve the Turn and Expreſſions of the beſt Authors, nor ſhould we paſs over a Word we do not perfectly underſtand, without ſearching or enquiring for the exact Meaning of it.

LESSON XLIX.

ORATORY, or the Art of ſpeaking well, is uſeful in every Situation of Life, and abſolutely neceſſary in moſt. A man cannot diſtinguiſh himſelf without it, in Parliament, in the Pulpit, or at the Bar: and even in common Converſation, he who expreſſes himſelf eloquently, will have a great Advantage over thoſe who ſlight or neglect the Embelliſhments of Diſcourſe.

LESSON L.

DEMOSTHENES, though he naturally ſtammered, and had weak Lungs, yet conſidering how eſſentially neceſſary it was to ſpeak well, he reſolved, if poſſible, to overcome theſe Diſadvantages.

tages. He cured his Stammering by putting ſmall Pebbles into his Mouth; and gradually ſtrengthened his Lungs, by daily viſiting the Sea-Shore, and accuſtoming himſelf to ſpeak loudly and diſtinctly for a conſiderable Time, eſpecially when the Winds were high, and the Waves raging violently; thereby gaining a Command of Utterance, and preparing himſelf to withſtand the popular Clamors of the ATHENIANS, before whom he was to ſpeak. By this extraordinary Care and Attention, he not only overcame his natural Diſadvantages, but acquired that manly Eloquence which has juſtly immortalized his Name.

LESSON LI.

TO acquire a graceful Utterance, read aloud to ſome Friend every Day, and beg of him to interrupt and correct you whenever you read too faſt, do not obſerve the proper Stops, lay a wrong Emphaſis, or utter your Words unintelligibly. You may even read aloud to yourſelf, and tune your Utterance to your own Ear. Take care to open your Teeth when you read or ſpeak, and articulate every Word diſtinctly; which laſt cannot be done but by ſounding the final Letter. But above all, ſtudy to vary your Voice according to the Subject, and avoid a Monotony. Daily Attention to theſe Articles, will, in a little Time, render them eaſy and habitual to you.

LESSON

LESSON LII.

THE Voice and Manner of ſpeaking, are not to be neglected: ſome People almoſt ſhut their Mouths when they ſpeak; and mutter ſo, that they are not to be underſtood; others ſpeak ſo faſt, and ſputter, that they are not to be underſtood neither; ſome always ſpeak as loud as if they were talking to deaf People; and others ſo low, that one cannot hear them. All theſe Habits are awkward and diſagreeable, and are to be avoided by Attention: they are the diſtinguiſhing Marks of the ordinary People, who have had no Care taken of their Education. You cannot imagine how neceſſary it is to mind all theſe little Things; for I have ſeen many People with great Talents ill received for Want of having theſe Talents; and others well received, only from their little Talents, and who had no great ones.

LESSON LIII.

TAKE care that your Studies influence your Manners, and that all the Profit of your Reading be turned to Virtue. Try to find out the firſt Principles of Things, and do not ſubject yourſelf ſervilely to the Opinions of the Vulgar. Your ordinary Reading ſhould be Hiſtory, but always uſe Reflections with it. If you only think of filling your Memory with Facts, and poliſhing your Mind with the Thoughts and Opinions of the Ancients, you will only lay up a Magazine of other People's Notions.

Notions. One Quarter of an Hour's Reflection improves and forms the Mind more than a great Deal of Reading. A Want of Learning is not ſo much to be dreaded, as Error and falſe Judgment.

LESSON LIV.

TO ſtudy Hiſtory is to ſtudy the Paſſions and Opinions of Men. 'Tis to examine them thoroughly; 'tis to pull the Maſk off their Actions, which appeared great, whilſt they were veiled, and conſecrated as it were by Succeſs; but often become contemptible when the Motive of them is known. There is Nothing more ambiguous than the Actions of Men. We muſt trace them up to their Principles, if we would know them rightly. 'Tis neceſſary to be ſure of the Spirit of our Actions, before we glory in them.

LESSON LV.

TIME is the Seaſon and Opportunity of carrying on of any Work, and for that Reaſon is one of the moſt valuable Things; and yet Nothing is more waſtefully ſpent, and more prodigally ſquandered away by the greater Part of Mankind than this, which, next to our immortal Souls, is of all Things moſt precious; becauſe upon the right Uſe or Abuſe of our Time, our eternal Happineſs or Miſery does depend. Men have generally ſome Guard upon themſelves, as to their Money and Eſtates,

Eſtates, and will not with Eyes open ſuffer Others to rob and deprive them of it: but we will let any Body almoſt rob us of our Time; and are contented to expoſe this precious Treaſure to every Body's Rapine and Extortion; and can quietly look on, while Men thruſt in their Hands, and take it out by whole Handfuls, as if it were of no greater Value than Silver was in SOLOMON's Days, no more than the Stones in the Street; and yet when it is gone, all the Silver and Gold in the World cannot purchaſe and fetch back the leaſt Moment of it; when perhaps we would give all the World for a very ſmall Part of that Time, which we parted with upon ſuch cheap and eaſy Terms.

LESSON LVI.

MANY People think that they are in Pleaſures, provided they are neither in Study nor in Buſineſs. Nothing like it; they are doing Nothing; and might juſt as well be aſleep. They contract Habitudes from Lazineſs; and they only frequent thoſe Places where they are free from all Reſtraints and Attention. Be upon your Guard againſt this idle Profuſion of Time; and let every Place you go to, be either the Scene of quick and lively Pleaſures, or the School of your Improvements: let every Company you go into, either gratify your Senſes, extend your Knowledge, or refine your Manners.

LESSON

LESSON LVII.

HOW little do we reflect on the Uſe and Value of Time! It is in every Body's Mouth, but in few People's Practice. Every Fool, who ſlatterns away his whole Time in Nothings, frequently utters ſome trite, common-place Sentence, to prove at once, the Value and the Fleetneſs of Time. The Sun-Dials, all over Europe, have ſome ingenious Inſcription to that Effect; ſo that Nobody ſquanders away his Time without frequently hearing and ſeeing how neceſſary it is to employ it well, and how irrecoverable it is, if loſt. Young People are apt to think they have ſo much Time before them, that they may ſquander what they pleaſe of it, and yet have enough left; as great Fortunes have frequently ſeduced People to a ruinous Profuſion. But all theſe Admonitions are uſeleſs, where there is not a Fund of good Senſe and Reaſon, to ſuggeſt rather than receive them.

LESSON LVIII.

'TAKE care of the Pence, for Pounds will take care of themſelves;' was a very juſt and ſenſible Reflection of Old Mr. Lowndes, the famous Secretary of the Treaſury, under William III. Anne, and George Iſt. I therefore recommend to you to take care of Minutes, for Hours will take care of themſelves. Be doing ſomething or other all day long; and not neglect Half-Hours and Quarters of

Hours, which at the Year's End, amount to a great Sum. For Inſtance; There are many ſhort Intervals in the Day, between Studies and Pleaſures; inſtead of ſitting idle and yawning in thoſe Intervals, ſnatch up ſome valuable Book, and continue the reading of that Book till you have got through it; never burden your Mind with more than one Thing at a Time: and in reading this Book, do not run it over ſuperficially, but read every Paſſage twice over; at leaſt do not paſs on to a ſecond, till you thoroughly underſtand the firſt, nor quit the Book till you are Maſter of the Subject; for unleſs you do this, you may read it through and not remember the Contents of it for a Week.

LESSON LIX.

A MAN of Senſe may be in Haſte, but can never be in a Hurry, becauſe he knows, that whatever he does in a Hurry, he muſt neceſſarily do very ill. He may be in Haſte to diſpatch an Affair, but he will take Care not to let that Haſte hinder his doing it well. Little Minds are in a Hurry when the Object proves (as it commonly does) too big for them; they run, they hare, they puzzle, confound and perplex themſelves; they want to do every Thing at once, and never do it all. But a Man of Senſe takes the Time neceſſary for doing the Thing he is about well, and his Haſte to diſpatch a Buſineſs, only appears by the Continuity of his Application to it: he purſues it with a cool Steadineſs, and finiſhes it before he begins any other.

LESSON

LESSON LX.

1. HE, who in his Youth improves his intellectual Powers in the Search of Truth and uſeful Knowledge, and refines and ſtrengthens his moral and active Powers, by the Love of Virtue, for the Service of his Friends, his Country, and Mankind; who is animated by true Glory, exalted by ſacred Friendſhip for ſocial, and ſoftened by virtuous Love for domeſtic Life; who lays his Heart open to every other mild and generous Affection; and who to all theſe adds a ſober, maſculine Piety, equally remote from Superſtition and Enthuſiaſm; that Man enjoys the moſt agreeable Youth, and lays in the richeſt Fund for the honorable Action and happy Enjoyment of the ſucceeding Periods of Life.

2. He, who in Manhood keeps the defenſive and private Paſſions under the wiſeſt Reſtraint; who forms the moſt ſelect, and virtuous Friendſhips; who ſeeks after Fame, Wealth, and Power, in the Road of Truth and Virtue, and, if he cannot find them in that Road, generouſly deſpiſes them; who in his private Character and Connections, gives the fulleſt Scope to the tender and manly Paſſions, and in his public Character and Connection ſerves his Country and Mankind in the moſt upright and diſintereſted Manner; who, in fine, enjoys the Goods of Life with the greateſt Moderation, bears its Ills with the greateſt Fortitude; and, in thoſe various Circumſtances of Duty and Trial, maintains and expreſſes an habitual Reverence and Love of God; that Man is the worthieſt Character in this

Stage of Life; paſſes through it with the higheſt Satisfaction and Dignity; and paves the Way to the moſt eaſy and honorable old Age.

3. He, who in the Decline of Life, preſerves himſelf moſt exempt from the Chagrins incident to that Period; cheriſhes the moſt equal and kind Affections; uſes his Experience, Wiſdom, and Authority, in the moſt fatherly and venerable Manner; acts under a Senſe of the Inſpection, and with a View to the Approbation of his Maker; is daily aſpiring after Immortality, and ripening apace for it; and having ſuſtained his Part with Integrity and Conſiſtency to the laſt, quits the Stage with a modeſt and graceful Triumph: this is the beſt, that is the happieſt old Man.

LESSON LXI.

Ode on the Glories of the Heavens.

THE ſpacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue æthereal Sky;
And ſpangled Heav'ns, a ſhining Frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.
Th'unwearied Sun from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Pow'r diſplay;
And publiſhes to every Land,
The Work of an Almighty Hand.
Soon as the Ev'ning Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wond'rous Tale;
And nightly to the liſt'ning Earth,
Repeats the Story of her Birth,

Whilſt

Whilſt all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the Truth from Pole to Pole.
What tho' in ſolemn Silence all,
Move round the dark, terreſtrial Ball;
What tho' nor real Voice nor Sound,
Amid their radiant Orbs reſound,
In Reaſon's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice;
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
'THE HAND THAT MADE US, IS DIVINE.'

LESSON LXII.

THE CREATION FINISH'D AND SURVEY'D.

HERE finiſh'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So Ev'n and Morn accompliſh'd the ſixth Day:
Yet not till the Creator from his Work
Deſiſting, tho' unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high Abode,
Thence to behold this new-created World,
Th'Addition of his Empire; how it ſhow'd
In Proſpect from his Throne, how good, how fair,
Anſwering his great Idea. Up he rode
Follow'd with Acclamation, and the Sound
Symphonious of ten thouſand Harps that tun'd
Angelic Harmonies; the Earth, the Air,
Reſounded,
The Heavn's and all the Conſtellations rung,

The

The Planets in their Stations liſt'ning ſtood,
While the bright Pomp aſcended jubilant.
Open, ye everlaſting Gates, they ſung,
Open ye Heav'ns your everlaſting Doors; let in
The great Creator from his Work return'd
Magnificent, his ſix Days Work, a World!

LESSON LXIII.

Adam and Eve in Paradise.

TWO of far nobler Shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native Honor clad
In naked Majeſty ſeem'd Lords of all,
And worthy ſeem'd; for in their Looks divine
The Image of their glorious Maker ſhone,
Truth, Wiſdom, Sanctitude ſevere and pure,
(Severe but in true filial Freedom plac'd.)
For Contemplation he, and Valour form'd,
For Softneſs ſhe, and ſweet attractive Grace;
He for God only; ſhe for God in him:
His fair large front and Eye ſublime declar'd
Abſolute Rule; and hyacinth Locks
Round from his parted Forelock manly hung
Cluſtering, but not beneath his Shoulders broad:
She as a Veil down to her ſlender Waiſt
Her unadorned golden Treſſes wore
Diſhevel'd, but in wanton Ringlets wav'd.
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhunn'd the Sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no Ill:
So Hand in Hand they paſs'd, the lovelieſt Pair
That ever ſince in Love's Embraces met.

LESSON

LESSON LXIV.

Adam and Eve's Morning Hymn.

THESE are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good!
Almighty! thine this univerſal Frame,
Thus wond'rous fair: Thyſelf how wond'rous then?
Unſpeakable, who ſit'ſt above theſe Heavens,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt Works; yet theſe declare
Thy Goodneſs beyond Thought, and Pow'r divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with Songs
And choral Symphonies Day without Night,
Circle his Throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven:
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without End.
Hail univerſal Lord! be bounteous ſtill
To give us only Good; and if the Night
Have gathered ought of Evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now Light diſpels the Dark.

LESSON LXV.

The Pledge of Man's Obedience.

GOD ſaid to Adam, I am Author of all thou ſeeſt
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradiſe I give thee, count it thine,
To till and keep, and of the Fruit to eat:
Of ev'ry Tree that in the Garden grows,

Eat

Eat freely with glad Heart, fear here no Dearth,
But of the Tree whose Operation brings
Knowledge of Good and Ill, which I have set
The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,
Amidst the Garden by the Tree of Life,
Remember what I warn thee; shun to taste,
And shun the bitter Consequence: for know,
The Day thou eat'st thereof, my sole Command
Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt die;
From that Day mortal, and this happy State
Shalt lose, expel'd from hence into a World
Of Woe and Sorrow.

LESSON LXVI.

Adam and Eve's Colloquy in Paradise.

I.

ADAM.

SOLE Partner and sole Part of all these Joys,
Dearer thy Self than all; needs must the Pow'r
That made us, and for us this ample World
Be infinitely Good, and of his Good
As liberal and free as infinite!
That rais'd us from the Dust and plac'd us here
In all this Happiness, who at his Hand
Have Nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath Need, he who requires
From us no other Service than to keep
This one, this easy Charge; of all the Trees
In Paradise that bear delicious Fruit
So various, not to taste that only Tree

Of

Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,
So near grows Death to Life, whate'er Death is,
Some dreadful Thing no doubt ;——

II.

EVE.

With thee converſing I forget all Time,
All Seaſons and their Change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Riſing ſweet,
With Charm of earlieſt Birds; pleaſant the Sun
When firſt on this delightful Land he ſpreads
His orient Beams, on Herb, Tree, Fruit, and Flow'r,
Gliſt'ring with Dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After ſoft Show'rs; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful Ev'ning mild, then ſilent Night
With this her ſolemn Bird, and this fair Moon,
And theſe the Gems of Heav'n, her ſtarry Train;
But neither Breath of Morn when ſhe aſcends
With Charm of earlieſt Birds, nor riſing Sun
On this delightful Land, nor Herb, Fruit, Flow'r,
Gliſt'ring with Dew, nor Fragrance after Show'rs,
Nor grateful Ev'ning mild, nor ſilent Night
With this her ſolemn Bird, nor Walk by Moon,
Or glitt'ring Star-Light without thee is ſweet.

LESSON LXVII.

The Fall of Man.

WHAT Cauſe
Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,
Favor'd of Heaven ſo highly, to fall off

From

From their Creator, and tranſgreſs his Will,
For one Reſtraint, Lords of the World beſides?
Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that foul Revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent: he it was, whoſe Guile
Stir'd up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd
The Mother of Mankind, what Time his Pride
Had caſt him out from Heav'n, with all his Hoſt
Of Rebel Angels, by whoſe Aid aſpiring
To ſet himſelf in Glory above his Peers,
He truſted to have equal'd the Moſt High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious Aim
Againſt the Throne and Monarchy of God
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battle proud
With vain Attempt.

LESSON LXVIII.

Man's Redemption.

I.

NOW had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure Empyrean where he ſits;
High Thron'd above all Height, bent down his Eye,
His own Works and their Works at once to view:
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
Stood thick as Stars, and from his Sight receiv'd,
Beatitude paſt utterance: on his Right
The radiant image of his Glory ſat,
His only Son; On Earth he firſt beheld
Our two firſt Parents, yet the only two,
Of Mankind, in the happy Garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal Fruits of Joy and Love,

Uninter-

Uninterrupted Joy, unrival'd Love,
In bliſsful Solitude; he then ſurvey'd,
Hell and the Gulf between, and Satan there;
Coaſting the Wall of Heaven on this Side Night,
In the dun Air ſublime, and ready now,
To ſtoop with wearied Wings, and willing Feet
On the bare Outſide of this World, that ſeem'd
Firm Land imboſom'd without Firmament,
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
Him God beholding from his Proſpect high,
Wherein paſt, preſent, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreſeeing ſpake.—

II.

Only begotten Son, ſeeſt thou what Rage,
Tranſports our Adverſary, whom no Bounds
Preſcrib'd, no Bars of Hell, nor all the Chains
Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyſs,
Wide interrupt can hold; ſo bent he ſeems
On deſperate Revenge, that ſhall redound
Upon his own rebellious Head. And now,
Through all Reſtraint broke looſe, he wings his Way;
Not far off Heav'n, in the Precincts of Light,
Directly towards the new created World,
And Man there plac'd; with Purpoſe to aſſay
If him by Force he can deſtroy, or worſe,
By ſome falſe Guile pervert; and ſhall pervert,
For Man will hearkn to his glozing Lies,
And eaſily tranſgreſs the ſole Command,
Sole Pledge of his Obedience: So will fall,
He and his faithleſs Progeny.—

The

The firſt Sort by their own Suggeſtion fell,
Self-tempted, ſelf-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd
By the other firſt: Man therefore ſhall find Grace,
The other none: in Mercy and Juſtice both,
Thro' Heav'n and Earth, ſo ſhall my Glory excel,
But Mercy firſt and laſt ſhall brighteſt ſhine.

III.

Thus while God ſpake, ambroſial Fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the bleſſed Spirits elect,
Senſe of new joy ineffable diffus'd:
Beyond Compare the Son of God was ſeen
Moſt glorious, in him all his Father ſhone,
Subſtantially expreſs'd; and in his Face,
Divine Compaſſion viſibly appear'd,
Love without End, and without Meaſure Grace;
Which uttering thus, he to his Father ſpake.

IV.

O Father, gracious was that Word which clos'd
Thy ſov'reign Sentence, that Man ſhould find Grace;
For which both Heav'n and Earth ſhall high extol
Thy Praiſes, with th' innumerable Sound,
Of Hymns and ſacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne,
Encompaſs'd, ſhall reſound thee ever bleſt.
For ſhould Man finally be loſt, ſhould Man
Thy Creature late ſo lov'd, thy youngeſt ſon,
Fall circumvented thus by Fraud, though join'd
With his own Folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art Judge
Of all Things made, and judgeſt only right,
Or ſhall the Adverſary thus obtain

His

His End, and fruſtrate thine? ſhall he fulfil
His Malice, and thy Goodneſs bring to naught?
Or proud return to his heavier Doom,
Yet with Revenge accompliſh'd, and to Hell
Draw after him the whole Race of Mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyſelf
Aboliſh thy Creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy Glory thou haſt made?
So ſhould thy Goodneſs and thy Greatneſs both,
Be queſtion'd and blaſphem'd without Defence.

V.

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd,
O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief Delight;
Son of my Boſom, Son who art alone
My Word, my Wiſdom, and effectual Might,
All haſt thou ſpoken as my Thoughts are, all
As my eternal Purpoſe hath decreed.
Man ſhall not quite be loſt, but ſav'd who will,
Yet not of Will in him, but Grace in me
Freely vouchſaf'd; once more I will renew,
His lapſed Powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd,
By Sin to foul exorbitant Deſires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he ſhall ſtand
On even Ground againſt his mortal Foe;
By me upheld, that he may know how frail,
His fall'n Condition is, and to me owe
All his Deliverance, and to none but me.

VI.

Man ſhall hear me call, and oft be warn'd,
Their ſinful State, and to appeaſe betimes,

Th' incenſed Deity while offer'd Grace
Invites: for I will clear their Senſes dark,
What may ſuffice, and ſoften ſtony Hearts,
To pray, repent, and bring Obedience due.
To Prayer, Repentance, and Obedience due,
Though but endeavor'd with ſincere Intent,
Mine Ear ſhall not be ſlow, mine Eyes not ſhut;
And I will place within them as a Guide,
My umpire Conſcience; whom if they will hear,
Light after Light well us'd they ſhall attain,
And to the End perſiſting, ſafe arrive.

VII.

This my long Sufferance and my Day of Grace
They who neglect and ſcorn, ſhall never taſte;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may ſtumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but ſuch from Mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; Man diſobeying,
Diſloyal breaks his Fealty, and ſins
Againſt the high Supremacy of Heav'n,
Affecting God-head; and ſo loſing all,
To expiate his Treaſon hath nought left,
But to Deſtruction ſacred and devote,
He with his whole Poſterity muſt die.
Die he or juſtice muſt; unleſs for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay,
The rigid Satisfaction, Death for Death.
Say, Heavenly Powers, where ſhall we find ſuch Love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem

Man's

Man's mortal crime, and juſt th' unjuſt to ſave?
Dwells in all Heaven Charity ſo dear?

VIII.

He aſk'd, but all the Heavenly Quire ſtood mute,
And Silence was in Heaven: on Man's behalf;
Patron or Interceſſor none appear'd,
Much leſs that durſt upon his own Head draw
The deadly Forfeiture, and Ranſom ſet.
And now without Redemption all Mankind,
Muſt have been loſt, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By Doom ſevere, had not the Son of God,
In whom the Fulneſs dwells of Love divine,
His deareſt Mediation thus renew'd.

IX.

Father, thy Word is paſt, Man ſhall find Grace;
And ſhall Grace not find Means, that finds her Way.
The ſpeedieſt of thy winged Meſſengers,
To viſit all thy Creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unſought;
Happy for Man, ſo coming; he her Aid
Can never ſeek, once dead in Sins and loſt;
Atonement for himſelf or Offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.
Behold me then, me for him, Life for Life
I offer, on me let thine Anger fall;
Account me Man; I for his Sake will leave
Thy Boſom, and this Glory next to thee,
Freely put off, and for him laſtly die
Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreck all his Rage;
Under his gloomy Power I ſhall not long

Lie vanquiſh'd, thou haſt giv'n me to poſſeſs,
Life in myſelf for ever; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due,
All that of me can die; yet that Debt paid,
Thou will not leave me in the loathſome Grave,
His Prey, nor ſuffer my unſpotted ſoul,
For ever with Corruption there to dwell;
But I ſhall riſe victorious, and ſubdue
My vanquiſher, ſpoil'd of his vaunted Spoil;
Death his Death's Wound ſhall then receive, and ſtoop
Inglorious, of his mortal Sting diſarm'd.
I through the ample Air, in Triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive, maugre Hell, and ſhow
The Powers of Darkneſs bound. Thou at the Sight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven ſhalt look down and ſmile,
While by thee rais'd, I ruin all my Foes,
Death laſt, and with his Carcaſe glut the Grave:
Then with the Multitude of my Redeem'd,
Shall enter Heaven long abſent, and return,
Father, to ſee thy Face, wherein no Cloud
Of Anger ſhall remain, but Peace aſſur'd,
And Reconcilement: Wrath ſhall be no more
Henceforth, but in thy Preſence Joy entire.

X.

His Words here ended, but his meek Aſpect
Silent, yet ſpake, and breath'd immortal Love
To mortal Men, above which only ſhone
Filial Obedience: as a Sacrifice,
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the Will

Of his great Father. Admiration ſeiz'd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, or whither tend
Wond'ring; but ſoon th'Almighty thus reply'd:

XI.

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only Peace
Found out for Mankind under Wrath, O thou
My ſole Complacence! well thou know'ſt how dear
To me are all my Works, nor Man the leaſt
Though laſt created, that for him I ſpare
Thee from my Boſom and right Hand, to ſave,
By loſing thee awhile, the whole Race loſt.
Thou therefore whom thou only canſt redeem,
Their Nature alſo to thy Nature join;
And be thyſelf Man among Men on Earth
Made Fleſh, when Time ſhall be of Virgin Seed,
By wond'rous Birth: Be thou in Adam's Room
The Head of all Mankind, tho' Adam's Son.
As in him periſh all Men, ſo in thee
As from a ſecond Root ſhall be reſtor'd,
As Many as are reſtor'd, without thee none.
His Crime makes guilty all his Sons; thy Merit
Imputed, ſhall abſolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous Deeds,
And live in thee tranſplanted, and from thee
Receive new Life.——

XII.

——— So Man, as is moſt juſt,
Shall ſatisfy for Man, be judg'd and die,
And dying riſe, and dying with him raiſe

His Brethren, ranſom'd with his own dear Life.
So Heav'nly Love ſhall outdo Helliſh Hate,
Giving to Death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what Helliſh Hate
So eaſily deſtroy'd, and ſtill deſtroys,
In thoſe who when they may, accept not Grace.

XIII.

Nor ſhall thou by deſcending to aſſume
Man's Nature, leſs'n or degrade thine own.
Becauſe thou haſt, though Thron'd in higheſt Bliſs
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like Fruition, quitted all to ſave
A World from utter Loſs, and haſt been found
By Merit more than Birthright Son of God,
Found worthieſt to be ſo by being Good,
Far more than Great or High: becauſe in thee
Love hath abounded more than Glory abounds,
Therefore thy Humiliation ſhall exalt
With thee thy Manhood alſo to this Throne;
Here ſhalt thou ſit incarnate; here ſhalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed, univerſal King! all Power
I give thee, reign for ever, and aſſume
Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supreme,
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions, I reduce:
All Knees to thee ſhall bow, of them that bide
In Heav'n or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.

XIV.

When thou attended glorioufly from Heav'n
Shalt in the Sky appear, and from thee ſend

The

The ſummoning Arch-angels to proclaim
Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Winds
The living, and forthwith the cited Dead,
Of all paſt Ages to the general Doom
Shall haſt'n; ſuch a Peal ſhall rouſe their Sleep.
Then all thy Saints aſſembl'd, thou ſhalt judge
Bad Men and Angels; they arraign'd, ſhall ſink
Beneath thy Sentence; Hell her Numbers full,
Thenceforth ſhall be for ever ſhut. Meanwhile
The World ſhall burn, and from her Aſhes ſpring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the Juſt ſhall dwell;
And after all their Tribulations long,
See golden Days, fruitful of golden Deeds,
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
Then thou thy Regal Sceptre ſhalt lay by,
For Regal Sceptre then no more ſhall need,
God ſhall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compaſs all this, dies,
Adore the Son, and honor him as me.

XV.

No ſooner had th'Almighty ceas'd, but all
The Multitude of Angels with a Shout,
Loud as from Numbers without Number, ſweet
As from bleſt Voices, uttering Joy, Heav'n rung
With Jubilee, and loud Hoſannas fill'd
Th'eternal Regions: lowly reverent
Towards either Throne they bow, and to the Ground
With ſolemn Adoration down they caſt
Their Crowns, inwove with Amarant and Gold:
Then crown'd again, their golden Harps they took,

Harps

Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their Side
Like Quivers hung, and with Preamble ſweet
Of charming Symphony, they introduce
Their ſacred Song, and waken Raptures high;
No Voice exempt, no Voice but well could join
Melodious Part, ſuch Concord is in Heav'n.

LESSON LXIX.

The Lord's Prayer.

FATHER of all! thou God alone;
In Heaven is plac'd thy lofty Throne.
Thy ſacred Name revered be
By ev'ry Heart, and Tongue, and Knee.
On Adam's Sons thy Spirit ſhed,
Thus thro' the World thy Kingdom ſpread.
May Men on Earth obey thy Will,
As chearful Angels it fulfill.
To us our daily Bread impart,
And with our Bread the thankful Heart.
Our Sins forgive; and may we learn
Like thee to pardon in our Turn.
Let no Temptation us o'ertake,
And ev'ry Sin may we forſake.
Our pow'rful Guardian always prove,
And threat'ning Evil far remove.
The Kingdom, Glory, and the Power
Are thine, both now and evermore.

LESSON LXX.

A Prayer for the Prosperity of Great Britain.

O THOU! by whoſe almighty Nod the Scale
Of Empire riſes, or alternate falls,
Send forth the ſaving Virtues round the Land,
In bright Patrole; White Peace, and ſocial Love:
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle Deeds, and ſhedding Tears thro' Smiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of Mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; ſound Temperance,
Healthful in Heart and Look; clear Chaſtity
With Bluſhes reddening as ſhe moves along,
Diſorder'd at the deep Regard ſhe draws;
Rough Induſtry; Activity untir'd,
With copious Life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant Front, ſuperior ſhines
That firſt paternal Virtue, public Zeal:
Who throws o'er all an equal wide Survey,
And, ever muſing on the common Weal,
Still labours glorious with ſome great Deſign.

LESSON LXXI.

The Omnipresence of God.

ALL are but Parts of one ſtupendous Whole,
Whoſe Body Nature is, and God the Soul:
That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame:
Great in the Earth, as in th' æthereal Frame,

Warms

Warms in the Sun, refreſhes in the Breeze,
Glows in the Stars, and bloſſoms in the Trees;
Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our Soul, informs our mortal Part;
As full, as perfect, in a Hair as Heart:
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph, that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and meaſures all.

LESSON LXXII.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF FUTURITY WISELY CONCEALED.

HEAV'N from all Creatures hides the Book of Fate,
All but the Page preſcrib'd their preſent State;
From Brutes what Men, from Men what Spirits know,
Or who could ſuffer being here below?
The Lamb thy Riot dooms to bleed To-day,
Had he thy Reaſon, wou'd he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry Food,
And licks the Hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his Blood.
Oh! Blindneſs to the future kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n.
Who ſees with equal Eye, as God of all,
A Hero periſh, or a Sparrow fall,
Atoms, or Syſtems, into Ruin hurl'd,
And now a Bubble burſt, and now a World!

LESSON

LESSON LXXIII.

Man a Miracle to Himself.

How poor? how rich? how abject? how auguſt?
How complicate? how wonderful is Man?
How paſſing Wonder He, who made him ſuch?
Who center'd in our Make ſuch ſtrange Extremes?
From different Natures marvellouſly mixt,
Connection exquiſite of diſtant Worlds!
Diſtinguiſht Link in Being's endleſs Chain!
Midway from Nothing to the Deity!
A Beam æthereal, ſully'd, and abſorpt!
Tho' ſully'd and diſhonour'd, ſtill Divine!
Dim Miniature of Greatneſs abſolute!
An Heir of Glory! a frail Child of Duſt!
Helpleſs Immortal! Inſect Infinite!
A Worm! a God!—I tremble at myſelf;
And in myſelf am loſt! at Home a Stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, ſurpriz'd, aghaſt,
And wond'ring at her own: How Reaſon reels!
O what a Miracle to Man is Man,
Triumphantly diſtreſs'd! what Joy, what Dread!
Alternately tranſported, and alarm'd!
What can preſerve my Life? or what deſtroy?
An Angel's Arm can't ſnatch me from the Grave;
Legions of Angels can't confine me There.

LESSON LXXIV.

Virtue constitutes true Happiness.

To whom can Riches give Repute or Truſt,
Content, or Pleaſure, but the Good and Juſt?

Judges

Judges and Senates have been bought for Gold,
Eſteem and Love were never to be ſold.
Oh Fool! to think God hates the worthy Mind,
The Lover and the Love of Human-kind:
Honor and Shame from no Condition riſe;
Act well your Part; there all the Honor lies.
Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall Diff'rence made,
One flaunts in Rags, one flutters in Brocade;
Worth makes the Man: the Want of it the Fellow;
The reſt is all but Leather or Prunella.
What's Fame? a fancy'd Life in others Breath;
A Thing beyond us, ev'n before our Death.
A Wit's a Feather, and a Chief's a Rod;
An Honeſt Man's the nobleſt Work of God.

LESSON LXV.

VIRTUE THE ONLY NOBILITY.

LET High-birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing-but Merit in a low Eſtate.
To Virtue's humbleſt Son let none prefer
Vice, tho' deſcended from the Conqueror;
Shall Men, like Figures, paſs for high, or baſe,
Slight or important, only by their Place?
Titles are Marks of honeſt Men and wiſe:
The Fool, or Knave, that wears a Title lies.
Nothing is meaner than a Wretch of State,
The Good and Pious are the only Great.

LESSON

LESSON LXXVI.

True Ambition.

YE vain! deſiſt from your erroneous Strife;
Be wiſe, and quit the falſe Sublime of Life.
The true Ambition there alone reſides,
Where Juſtice dictates, and where Wiſdom guides;
Where inward Dignity joins outward State,
Our Purpoſe good, as our Atchievement great;
Where public Bleſſings public Praiſe attend,
Where Glory is our Motive, not our End.
Would'ſt thou be fam'd? Keep thoſe high Deeds in View,
Brave Men would act, tho' Scandal ſhould enſue.

LESSON LXXVII.

The Symphony of the Spring.

UP ſprings the Lark,
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the Meſſenger of Morn;
Ere yet the Shadows fly, he mounted ſings
Amid the dawning Clouds, and from their Haunts
Calls up the tuneful Nations. Ev'ry Copſe
Deep-tangled, Tree irregular, and Buſh,
Bending with dewy Moiſture o'er the Heads
Of the coy Quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of Harmony. The Thruſh
And Wood Lark, o'er the kind contending Throng
Superior heard, run thro' the ſweeteſt Length
Of Notes; when liſtening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purpoſes, in Thought

Elate, to make her Night excel their Day.
The Blackbird whiſtles from the thorny Brake;
The mellow Bullfinch anſwers from the Grove:
Nor are the Linnets, o'er the flow'ring Furze
Pour'd out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to theſe
Innumerous Songſters, in the freſhening Shade
Of new ſprung Leaves, their Modulations mix
Mellifluous. The Jay, the Rook, the Daw,
And each harſh Pipe diſcordant heard alone,
Aid the full Concert: While the Stock Dove breathes
A melancholy Murmur thro' the Whole.

LESSON LXXVIII.

Sun-Rising.

SEE yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the Eaſt. The leſſening Cloud,
The kindling Azure, and the Mountain's Brow,
Illum'd with fluid Gold, his near Approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
Aſlant the Dew-bright Earth, and colour'd Air,
He looks in boundleſs Majeſty abroad:
And ſheds the ſhining Day, that burniſh'd plays
On Rocks, and Hills, and Tow'rs, and wand'ring Streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime Chearer Light!
Of all material Beings firſt, and beſt!
Efflux divine! Nature's reſplendent Robe!
Without whoſe veſtling Beauty all were wrapt

In

In uneſſential Gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of ſurrounding Worlds! in whom beſt ſeen
Shines out thy Maker! may I ſing of thee!

LESSON LXXIX.

The Dawn of a Summer's Day.

WHITE break the Clouds away. With quicken'd Step,
Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny Proſpect wide.
The dripping Rock, the Mountains miſty Top
Swell on the Sight, and brighten with the Dawn.
Blue, thro' the Duſk, the ſmoaking Currents ſhine;
And from the bladed Field the fearful Hare
Limps awkward; while along the Foreſt Glade
The wild Deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early Paſſenger. Muſic awakes,
The native Voice of undiſſembled Joy;
And thick around the woodland Hymns ariſe.
Rous'd by the Cock, the ſoon clad Shepherd leaves
His moſſy Cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crowded Fold, in Order, drives
His Flock, to taſte the Verdure of the Morn.

LESSON LXXX.

On Solitude.

O SACRED Solitude! divine Retreat!
Choice of the prudent! Envy of the Great!
By thy pure Stream, or in thy waving Shade,
We court fair Wiſdom, that celeſtial Maid:

The genuine Offspring of her lov'd Embrace,
(Strangers on Earth) are Innocence and Peace.
There from the Ways of Men lay'd ſafe aſhore,
We ſmile to hear the diſtant Tempeſt roar;
There bleſt with Health, with Buſineſs unperplext,
This Life we reliſh, and enſure the next.

The following from their greater Length, are proposed as Pieces to be gotten by Heart, and recited at ſtated Times, as Examples of Elocution.

LESSON

LESSON LXXXI.

The Eight Parts of Speech.

EIGHT Parts of Speech to Learning are confin'd,
Noun, Pronoun, Verb, Participle, declin'd;
But we, Conjunction, Prepoſition find,
Adverb and Interjection undeclin'd.
Two Nouns diſtinct, all Languages do claim,
A Subſtantive, and Adjective by Name.
A Subſtantive is heard, conceiv'd, felt, ſeen,
By Adjective all Qualities we mean.
A Subſtantive, is Body, Stone, or Wood;
An Adjective, is dry, ſoft, hard, or good;
Ideal Things are Subſtantives likewiſe,
As Fame, Time, Wiſdom, Fortune, or Surprize.
A Pronoun doth the Place of Noun ſupply,
As he, or we, himſelf, they, you, or I.
A Verb is any Thing, to act, or bear;
Such as to eat, or drink, to ſleep, or hear;
Without a Verb no Sentence can be good,
If not expreſsly wrote or underſtood.
A Participle is from Verb deriv'd;
As moving, mov'd, reviving, and reviv'd.
An Adverb always joins a Verb, to ſhow,
How we the Meaning of that Verb may know:
As, to run faſt, write well, diſtinctly read,
Freely invite, or kindly interceed.
Conjunctions do our Senſe and Words connect;
As, and, altho', if, but, and or, direct.
All Prepoſitions other Parts prevene:
At, from, of, in, by, with, to, for, between.
An Interjection, Oh! or Ah! we find,
Denotes a ſudden Paſſion of the Mind.

LESSON LXXXII.

STRIVE TO PLEASE EVERY BODY, AND YOU'LL PLEASE NO BODY.

THE OLD MAN, HIS SON, AND THE ASS. A FABLE.

ONCE on a Time, a Son and Sire, we're told,
The Stripling tender, and the Father old,
Purchas'd a Jack-Aſs at a Country Fair,
To eaſe their Limbs, and hawk about their Ware.
But, as the ſluggiſh Animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both ſhould ride, his Back would break.
Up gets the Boy, the Father leads the Aſs,
And thro' the gaping Crowd attempt to paſs.
Forth from the Throng, the Grey-Beards hobbled out,
And hail'd the Cavalcade, with clam'rous Shout.
Is this the Duty, you to Parents owe?
Is this the Rev'rence, you to Parents ſhew?
He beats the Hoof, and you ſet up aſtride,
Sirrah get down, and let your Father ride.
As Grecian Lads, are ſeldom void of Grace,
The decent, duteous Youth, reſign'd his Place.
Then a freſh Murmur thro' the Rabble ran,
Boys, Girls, Wives, Widows, all attack the Man!
Sure, never was brute Beaſt ſo void of Nature,
Have you no Pity for the pretty Creature?
To your own Babby could you be unkind,
Suck, Bill, Betty, come and put the Child behind!
Old Dapper next, theſe Clowns' Compaſſion claim'd,
We wonder thoſe Boobies are not thus aſham'd.

Two

Two at a Time, upon a poor dumb Beaſt!
Indeed they might have carry'd him at leaſt.
The Pair ſtill pliant to the partial Voice,
Diſmount, and bear upon their Backs, the Aſs!
Then what a Noiſe! Huzzas! loud Laughs! low
Jeſts! and little Jokes!
From the yet ſilent Sire, theſe Words provokes:
Proceed, my Boy! nor heed their further Call,
Vain his Attempt, who ſtrives to pleaſe them all.

LESSON LXXXIII.

Tale of the Crows.

THIS Tale will raiſe your Wonder, I ſuppoſe,
What can the Meaning be, of three Black Crows;
It is a London Story, you muſt know,
And happ'ned (as they ſay) not long ago.
The Meaning of it Cuſtom would ſuppreſs,
Till at the End, and leave you then to gueſs.
But tho' it differs from the Ways of Old,
To give the Moral, ere the Tale be told,
For once we'll give an Hint, for to apply
The Meaning firſt, and hang the Tale thereby.—
People too oft are put into a Pother,
For Want of Underſtanding one another;
And ſtrange, amazing Stories, run about,
Which come to Nothing, when you've trac'd them out.
Lies of a Day—perhaps a Month—a Year!—
When ſerv'd their Purpoſe, quickly diſappear:

From

From whence, mean while, Diſputes of every Size,
That is to ſay, Miſunderſtandings riſe;
The Springs of Ill from Bickering up to Battle,
From Wars and Tumults, down to tittle-tattle.
By haſty rendering of too raſh Aſſent,
Behold how Meanings, which were never meant,
Will fly about: not much unlike Black Crows,
The ſelf-ſame Breed of which the Story goes—
Two honeſt Tradeſmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other kindly by the Hand;
Hark you, ſays he, 'tis a Strange Story this,
About the Crows—I don't know what it is,
Reply'd his Friend—No! I'm ſurpriz'd at that!
From whence I came, it is the common Chat.
Not to detain you from a Thing ſo ſtrange,
A Gentleman who lives not far from 'Change,
This Week, in ſhort, as all the Alley knows,
Taking a Puke, has thrown up three black Crows!
Impoſſible! Nay, Sir, the Thing is really true;
I had it from good Hands, and ſo may you.
From whom I pray? And having nam'd the Man,
Strait to enquire, his curious Comrade ran.
Sir, did you tell? (relating the Affair),
Yes, Sir, I did; and it is worth your Ear;
Aſk Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me,
Tho' by the Bye, 'twas two black Crows, not three.
Reſolv'd to trace ſo wond'rous an Event,
Whip to the third this Virtuoſo went.
Sir, and ſo forth—Why the Thing is Fact:
Tho' in Regard to Number not exact;
It was not two black Crows, but only one,
The Truth of this you may depend upon.

The

The Gentleman himſelf told me the Caſe.
Where may I meet him pray? In ſuch a Place.
Away he goes, and having found him out,
Sir, be ſo kind as to reſolve a Doubt?
Did you throw up a black Crow, Sir? not I!
Bleſs me! how People propagate a Lye!
Black Crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one,
And here I find all come at laſt to none.
Did you ſay Nothing of a Crow at all?
Crow! Crow! perhaps I might; now I recal
The Matter o'er—Pray tell me, Sir, what was't?
Why I was very ſick; and ſo at laſt,
I did throw up, and told my Neighbour ſo,
Something that was as *black* as any Crow.

LESSON LXXXIV.

The Camelion.

OFT has it been my Lot, to mark
A proud, conceited, talking Spark;
With Eyes that hardly ſerv'd at moſt
To guard their Maſter 'gainſt a Poſt:
Yet round the World the Blade has been,
To ſee whatever could be ſeen.
Returning from his finiſh'd Tour,
Grown ten Times perter than before;
Whatever Word you chance to drop,
The travell'd Fool your Mouth will ſtop;
'Sir, if my Judgment you'll allow—
'I've ſeen——and ſure I ought to know,'—

So

So begs you'd pay a due Submiſſion,
And acquieſce in his Deciſion.
Two Travellers of ſuch a Caſt,
As o'er Arabia's Wilds they paſt,
And on their Way in friendly Chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then of that;
Diſcours'd awhile 'mongſt other Matter,
Of the Camelion's Form and Nature.
A ſtranger Animal, cries one,
'Sure never liv'd beneath the Sun:
'A Lizard's Body, lean and long,
'A Fiſh's Head, a Serpent's Tongue,
'Its Tooth with Triple Claw disjoin'd;
'And what a Length of Tail behind.
'How ſlow its Pace! and then its Hue,
'Who ever ſaw ſo fine a blue?'
'Hold there,' the other quick replies,
'Tis green—I ſaw it with theſe Eyes;
'As late with open Mouth it lay,
'And warm'd it in the ſunny Ray;
'Stretch'd at his Eaſe, the Beaſt I view'd,
'And ſaw it eat the Air for Food.'
'I've ſeen it, Sir, as well as you,
'And muſt again affirm it blue;
'At Leiſure I the Beaſt ſurvey'd,
'Extended in the cooling Shade.'
'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I aſſure ye.'
'Green! cries the other in a Fury—
'Why, Sir,—d'ye think I've loſt my Eyes?'
'Twere no great Loſs,' the Friend replies.
'For if they always ſerve you thus,
'You'll find 'em but of little Uſe.'

So

So high at laſt the Conteſt roſe;
From Words they almoſt came to Blows:
When luckily came by a third;
To him the Queſtion they referr'd;
And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the Thing was green or blue.
'Sirs,' cries the Umpire,' 'ceaſe your Pother—
'The Creature's neither one nor t'other.
'I caught the Animal laſt Night,
'And view'd it o'er by Candle-Light;
'I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
'You ſtare,—but Sirs, I've got it yet,
'And can produce it.'—'Pray, Sir, do:
'I'll lay my Life the Thing is blue,—
'And I'll be ſworn that when you've ſeen
'The Reptile, you'll pronounce him green.'
'Well then, at once to eaſe the Doubt,'
Replies the Man, 'I'll turn him out:
'And when before your Eyes I've ſet him,
'If you don't find him black, I'll eat him.'
He ſaid; then full before their Sight,
Produc'd the Beaſt, and lo' twas white—
Both ſtar'd, the Man look'd wond'rous Wiſe—
'My Children,' the Camelion cries,
(Then firſt the Creature found a Tongue)
'You all are right, and all are wrong:
'When next you talk of what you view,
'Think others ſee, as well as you:
'Nor wonder, if you find that none
'Prefers your Eye-Sight to his own.'

LESSON LXXXV.

Brutus's Oration.

ROMANS, Countrymen, and Lovers! hear me for my Cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine Honor, and have reſpect to mine Honor, that you may believe. Cenſure me in your Wiſdom, and awake your Senſes, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this Aſſembly, any dear Friend of Cæſar's, to him, I ſay, that Brutus's Love to Cæſar was no leſs than his. If then that Friend demand, why Brutus roſe againſt Cæſar, this is my Anſwer: Not that I loved Cæſar leſs, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæſar were living, and die all Slaves; than that Cæſar were dead, to live all Freemen? As Cæſar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There are Tears for his Love, Joy for his Fortune, Honor for his Valor, and Death for his Ambition. Who's here ſo baſe, that would be a Bond-Man? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who's here ſo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who's here ſo vile, that will not love his Country? If any, ſpeak; for him I have offended——I pauſe for a Reply.——None?——then none have I offended. ——I have done no more to Cæſar than you ſhould do to Brutus. The Queſtion of his Death is inrolled in the Capitol; his Glory not extenuated, wherein he

he was worthy; nor his Offences inforced, for which he ſuffered Death.—

Here comes his Body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no Hand in his Death, ſhall receive the Benefit of his dying, a Place in the Commonwealth; as which of you ſhall not? With this I depart, that as I ſlew my beſt Lover for the good of Rome, I have the ſame Dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my Country to need my death.

Mark Antony's Oration.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your Ears,
I come to bury Cæſar, not to praiſe him.
The Evil that Men do, lives after them;
The Good is oft interred with their Bones;
So let it be with Cæſar! Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæſar was ambitious;
If it were ſo, it was a grievous Fault;
And grievouſly hath Cæſar anſwer'd it.
Here, under Leave of Brutus, and the reſt,
(For Brutus is an honorable Man,
So are they all, all honorable Men)
Come I to ſpeak in Cæſar's Funeral.
He was my Friend, faithful and juſt to me;
But Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable Man.
He hath brought many Captives home to Rome,
Whoſe Ranſoms did the general Coffers fill;
Did this in Cæſar ſeem ambitious?
When that the Poor have cry'd, Cæſar hath wept;
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff,

Yet Brutus, ſays he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable Man.
You all did ſee, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice preſented him a kingly Crown;
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And, ſure, he is an honorable Man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what Brutus ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without Cauſe,
What Cauſe with-holds you then to mourn for him.
O Judgment! thou art fled to brutiſh Beaſts,
And Men have loſt their Reaſon.—Bear with me.—
My Heart is in the Coffin there with Cæſar,
And I muſt pauſe till it come back to me.—
If you have Tears, prepare to ſhed them now.—
You all do know this Mantle; I remember
The firſt Time ever Cæſar put it on,
'Twas on a Summer's Evening in his Tent,
That Day he overcame the Nervii—
Look! in this Place ran Caſſius' Dagger through;
See what a Rent the envious Caſca made.—
Through this the well-beloved Brutus ſtabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his curſed Steel away,
Mark how the Blood of Cæſar follow'd it!
As ruſhing out of Doors, to be reſolv'd,
If Brutus ſo unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæſar's Angel.
Judge, oh ye Gods! how dearly Cæſar lov'd him!
This, this was the unkindeſt Cut of all;
For when the noble Cæſar ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than Traitor's Arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him; then burſt his mighty Heart:

And,

And, in his Mantle muffling up his Face,
Even at the Baſe of Pompey's Statue,
Which all the while ran Blood, great Cæſar fell.
O what a Fall was there, my Countrymen!
Then I and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilſt bloody Treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O! now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The Dint of Pity; theſe are gracious Drops.
Kind Souls; what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæſar's Veſture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, by Traitors.—
Good Friends, ſweet Friends, let me not ſtir you up
To any ſudden Flood of Mutiny.
They that have done this Deed are honorable.
What private Griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wiſe and honorable;
And will, no doubt, with Reaſon anſwer you.
I come not, Friends, to ſteal away your Hearts;
I am no Orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt Man,
That love my Friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public Leave to ſpeak of him:
For I have neither Wit, nor Words, nor Worth,
Action nor Utterance, nor the Power of Speech,
To ſtir Men's Blood; I only ſpeak right on:
I tell you that which you yourſelves do know;
Shew you ſweet Cæſar's Wounds, poor, poor dumb Mouths!
And bid them ſpeak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In every Wound of Cæſar, that ſhould move
The Stones of Rome to riſe and mutiny.

LESSON LXXXVII.

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

THAT you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking Bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letter (praying on his Side,
Becauſe I knew the Man) was ſlighted of.

BRUTUS.

You wrong'd yourſelf to write in ſuch a Caſe.

CASSIUS.

In ſuch a Time as this, it is not meet
That ev'ry nice Offence ſhould bear its Comment.

BRUTUS.

Yet let me tell you, Caſſius, you yourſelf
Are much condemned to have an itching Palm,
To ſell and mart your Offices for Gold,
To undeſervers.

CASSIUS.

I an itching Palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that ſpake this,
Or, by the Gods, this Speech were elſe your laſt.

BRUTUS.

The Name of Caſſius honors this Corruption,
And Chaſtiſement doth therefore hide its Head.

CASSIUS.

Chaſtiſement!—

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for Juſtice Sake?
What Villain touch'd his Body, that did ſtab
And not for Juſtice? What, ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt Man of all this World,
But for ſupporting Robbers; ſhall we now
Contaminate our Fingers with baſe Bribes?
And ſell the mighty Meed of our large Honors,
For ſo much Traſh, as may be graſped thus?
I had rather be a Dog, and bay the Moon,
Than ſuch a Roman.

CASSIUS.

Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourſelf,
To hedge me in; I am a Soldier, I,
Older in Practice, abler than yourſelf
To make Conditions.

BRUTUS.

Go to; you are not, Caſſius.

CASSIUS.

I am.

BRUTUS.

I ſay, you are not.

CASSIUS.

Urge me no more, I ſhall forget myſelf—
Have mind upon your Health—tempt me no farther.

BRUTUS.

Away, ſlight Man!

CASSIUS.

Is't poſſible.

BRUTUS.

Hear me, for I will ſpeak,
Muſt I give Way and Room to your raſh Choler?
Shall I be frighted when a Madman ſtares?

CASSIUS.

O Gods! ye Gods! muſt I endure all this?

BRUTUS.

All this? aye more, Fret till your proud Heart break;
Go, tell your ſlaves how choleric you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty Humour? By the Gods,
You ſhall digeſt the Venom of your Spleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you; for from this Day forth,
I'll uſe you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter,
When you are Waſpiſh,

CASSIUS.

Is it come to this?

BRUTUS.

You ſay, you are a better Soldier;
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine own Part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble Men.

CASSIUS.

You wrong me every Way—You wrong me Brutus;
I ſaid, an elder Soldier, not a better:
Did I ſay better?

BRUTUS

BRUTUS.

If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS.

When Cæſar liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me

BRUTUS.

Peace, Peace, you durſt not ſo have tempted him.

CASSIUS.

I durſt not.

BRUTUS.

No.

CASSIUS.

What? durſt not tempt him?

BRUTUS.

For your Life you durſt not.

CASSIUS.

Do not preſume too much upon my Love;
I may do what I ſhall be ſorry for.

BRUTUS.

You have done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no Terror, Caſſius, in your Threats;
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in Honeſty
That they paſs by me, as the idle Wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain Sums of Gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raiſe no Money by vile Means:
By Heav'n, I had rather coin my Heart,
And drop my Blood for Drachmas, than to wring
From the hard Hands of Peaſants their vile Traſh,

By

By any Indirection. I did ſend
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you denied me; was that done like Caſſius?
Should I have anſwer'd Caius Caſſius ſo?
When Marcus Brutus grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch raſcal Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods, with all your Thunderbolts,
Daſh him to Pieces.

CASSIUS.

I deny'd you not.

BRUTUS.

You did.

CASSIUS.

I did not—he was but a Fool
That brought my Anſwer back—Brutus hath riv'd
my Heart.
A Friend ſhould bear a Friend's Infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS.

I do not. Still you practice them on me.

CASSIUS.

You love me not.

BRUTUS.

I do not like your Faults.

CASSIUS.

A friendly Eye could never ſee ſuch Faults.

BRUTUS.

A Flatt'rer's would not; though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

Come, Antony, and young Octavius come!
Revenge yourſelves alone on Caſſius,
For Caſſius is weary of the World;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his Brother:
Check'd by a Bondman; all his Faults obſerv'd;
Set in a Note Book, learn'd, and conn'd by Rote
To caſt into my Teeth. O I could weep
My Spirit from mine Eyes!—There is my Dagger,
And here my naked Breaſt—within, a Heart
Dearer than Plutus' Mine, richer than Gold!
If that thou need'ſt a Roman's, take it forth.
I, that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart:
Strike as thou didſt at Cæſar; for I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'd'ſt him better
Than ever thou lov'd'ſt Caſſius.

BRUTUS.

Sheathe your Dagger;
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have Scope;
Do what you will, Diſhonor ſhall be Humor.
O Caſſius, you are yoked with a Lamb,
That carries Anger, as the Flint bears Fire;
Which much enforced, ſhews a haſty Spark,
And ſtraight is cold again.

CASSIUS.

Hath Caſſius liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his Brutus,
When Grief, and Blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CASSIUS.

Do you confeſs ſo much? Give me your Hand.

BRUTUS.

And my Heart too.

CASSIUS.

O Brutus!

BRUTUS.

What's the Matter?

CASSIUS.

Have you not Love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh Humor which my Mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful!

BRUTUS.

Yes, Caſſius, and from henceforth
When you are over-earneſt with your Brutus,
He'll think your Mother chides, and leaves you ſo.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

SOLILOQUY OF THE KING IN HAMLET.

OH! my Offence is rank, it ſmells to Heav'n,
It hath the primal, eldeſt Curſe upon't;
A Brother's Murder—Pray I cannot:
Though Inclination be as ſharp as 'twill,
My ſtronger Guilt defeats my ſtrong Intent,
And like a Man to double Buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in Pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,

And

And both neglect. What if this curſed Hand
Were thicker than itſelf with Brother's Blood?
Is there not Rain enough in the ſweet Heav'ns
To waſh it white as Snow? Whereto ſerves Mercy,
But to confront the Viſage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold Force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down?—Then I'll look up;
My Fault is paſt.—But Oh! what Form of Prayer
Can ſerve my Turn? Forgive me my foul Murder!
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd
Of thoſe Effects for which I did the Murder,
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' Offence?
In the corrupted Currents of this World,
Offence's gilded Hand may ſhove by Juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked Prize itſelf
Buys out the Laws. But 'tis not ſo above.
There is no Shuffling; there the Action lies
In its true Nature, and we ourſelves compell'd,
Ev'n to the Teeth and Forehead of our Faults,
To give in Evidence. What then? What reſts?
Try what Repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh! wretched State! Oh! Boſom black as Death,
Oh! limed Soul, that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help Angels! make Aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn Knees; and Heart, with Strings of Steel;
Be ſoft as Sinews of the new-born Babe!
All may be well.

LESSON

LESSON LXXXIX.

HENRY IV. AND PRINCE HENRY.

PRINCE HENRY.

I NEVER thought to hear you ſpeak again.

KING HENRY.

Thy Wiſh was rather, Harry, to that Thought.
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty Chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with my Honors
Before thy Hour be ripe! O fooliſh Youth!
Thou ſeekeſt the Greatneſs that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my Cloud of Dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a Wind,
That it will quickly drop; my Day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtol'n that, which after ſome few Hours,
Were thine without Offence; and at my Death
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my Expectation;
Thy Life did manifeſt thou lov'dſt me not;
And thou wilt have me die aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand Daggers in thy Thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony Heart,
To ſtab at half an Hour of my frail Life.
What! can'ſt thou not forbear me half an Hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my Grave thyſelf,
And bid the merry Bells ring to thine Ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the Tears that ſhould bedew my Hearſe,
Be Drops of Balm to ſanctify thy Head;
Only compound me with forgotten Duſt,

Give

Give that which gave thee Life unto the Worms.
Pluck down my Officers, break my Decrees;
For now a Time is come to mock at Form;
Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up, Vanity!
Down, Royal State! All you ſage Counſellors, hence!
And to the Engliſh Court aſſemble now,
From ev'ry Region, Apes of Idleneſs:
Now, neighbour Confines, purge you of your Scum;
Have you a Ruffian that will ſwear? drink? dance?
Revel the Night? rob? murder? and commit
The oldeſt Sins the neweſt Kind of Ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England ſhall give him Office, Honor, Might:
For the Fifth Harry, from curb'd Licence plucks
The Muzzle of Reſtraint! and the wild Dog
Shall fleſh his Tooth on every Innocent.
O my poor Kingdom, ſick with civil Blows!
When that my Care could not withhold thy Riots,
What wilt thou do when Riot is thy Care?
O, thou wilt be a Wilderneſs again,
Peopled with Wolves, thy old Inhabitants.

PRINCE HENRY.

O pardon me, my Liege! but for my Tears,
The moiſt Impediments unto my Speech,
I had foreſtall'd this dear and deep Rebuke,
Ere you with Grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The Courſe of it ſo far. There is your Crown;
And he that wears the Crown immortally,
Long guard it your's! If I affect it more,
Than as your Honor, and as your Renown,
Let me no more from this Obedience riſe,

Which my moſt true and inward-duteous Spirit
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior Bending.
Heav'n witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no Courſe of Breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my Heart! If I do feign,
O let me in my preſent Wildneſs die,
And never live to ſhew th' incredulous World
The noble Change that I have purpoſed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my Liege, to think you were)
I ſpoke unto the Crown, as having Senſe,
And thus upbraided it. The Care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the Body of my Father,
Therefore thou beſt of Gold, art worſt of Gold;
Other leſs fine in Carrat, is more precious,
Preſerving Life in Med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honor'd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eat thy Bearer up. Thus Royal Liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it (as with an Enemy,
That had before my Face murder'd my Father)
The Quarrel of a true Inheritor.
But if it did infect my Blood with Joy,
Or ſwell my Thoughts to any Strain of Pride,
If any rebel or vain Spirit of mine
Did with the leaſt Affection of a Welcome
Give Entertainment to the Might of it:
Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my Head,
And make me as the pooreſt Vaſſal is,
That doth with Awe and Terror kneel to it!

KING HENRY.

O my Son!
Heav'n put in thy Mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy Father's Love
Pleading ſo wiſely in Excuſe of it.
Come hither, Harry, ſit thou by my Bed;
And hear, I think, the very lateſt Counſel
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heav'n knows, my Son,
By what Bye-Paths, and indirect crook'd Ways
I met this Crown; and I myſelf know well,
How troubleſome it ſat upon my Head.
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation:
For all the Foil of the Atchievement goes
With me into the Earth. It ſeem'd in me
But as an Honor ſnatch'd with boiſt'rous Hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My Gain of it by their Aſſiſtances;
Which daily grew to Quarrel and to Bloodſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed Peace. All their bold Feats,
Thou ſeeſt, with Peril I have anſwer'd.
For all my Reign hath been but as a Scene,
Acting that Argument: and now my Death
Changes the Mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer Sort;
For thou the Garland wear'ſt ſucceſſively.
Yet though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough; ſince Griefs are green;
And all my Friends, which thou muſt make thy
Friends,
Have but their Stings and Teeth newly ta'en out;

By whoſe fell Working I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe Power I well might lodge a Fear,
To be again diſplac'd; which to avoid
I cut them off: and had a Purpoſe now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Leſt Reſt and lying ſtill might make them look
Too near into my State. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy Courſe to buſy giddy Minds
With foreign Quarrels; that Action, hence, borne out,
May waſte the Memory of former Days.
More would I, but my Lungs are waſted ſo
That Strength of Speech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the Crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true Peace live!

PRINCE HENRY.

My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, keep it, gave it me;
Then plain and right muſt my Poſſeſſion be;
Which I with more than with a common Pain,
'Gainſt all the World, will rightfully maintain.

LESSON XC.

HENRY AND LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

JUSTICE.

I AM aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly,
Your Majeſty hath no juſt Cauſe to hate me.

HENRY.

No! might a Prince of my great Hopes forget
So great Indignities you laid upon me?

What!

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to Priſon
Th' immediate Heir of England! was this Eaſy?
May this be waſh'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

JUSTICE.

I then did uſe the Perſon of your Father;
The Image of his Power lay then in me:
And in the Adminiſtration of his Law,
While I was buſy for the Commonwealth,
Your Highneſs pleaſed to forget my Place,
The Majeſty and Power of Law and Juſtice,
The Image of the King whom I preſented;
And ſtruck me in my Seat of Judgment:
Whereon, as an Offender to your Father,
I gave bold Way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the Deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a Son ſet your Decrees at naught:
To pluck down Juſtice from your awful Bench,
To trip the Courſe of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the Peace and Safety of your Perſon:
Nay more, to ſpurn at your moſt royal Image,
And mock your working in a ſecond Body.
Queſtion your royal Thoughts, make the Caſe your's;
Be now the Father, and propoſe a Son;
Hear your own Dignity ſo much profan'd;
See your moſt dreadful Laws ſo looſely ſlighted;
Behold yourſelf ſo by a Son diſdain'd:
And then imagine me taking your Part,
And in your Pow'r ſo ſilencing your Son.
After this cold Conſid'rance, ſentence me;

And,

And, as you are a King, ſpeak in your State,
What I have done that miſbecame my Place,
My Perſon, or my Liege's Sovereignty.

HENRY.

You are right, Juſtice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore ſtill bear the Balance and the Sword:
And I do wiſh your Honors may increaſe,
Till you do live to ſee a Son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
So ſhall I live to ſpeak my Father's Words:
Happy am I, that have a Man ſo bold
That dares do Juſtice on my proper Son;
And no leſs happy, having ſuch a Son,
That would deliver up his Greatneſs ſo
Into the Hand of Juſtice.——You committed me;
For which I do commit into your Hand
Th'unſtained Sword that you have us'd to bear;
With this Remembrance, that you uſe the ſame
With a like bold, juſt, and impartial Spirit,
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my Hand,
You ſhall be as a Father to my Youth:
My Voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine Ear;
And I will ſtoop and humble my Intents,
To your well practis'd wiſe Directions.
And, Princes all, believe me, I beſeech you;
My Father is gone wild into his Grave;
For in his Tomb lie my Affections;
And with his Spirit ſadly I ſurvive
To mock the Expectations of the World;
To fruſtrate Prophecies, and to raze out

Rotten

Rotten Opinion, which hath writ me down
After my ſeeming. Though my Tide of Blood
Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity till now;
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the Sea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the State of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formal Majeſty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament;
And let us chuſe ſuch Limbs of noble Counſel,
That the great Body of our State may go,
In equal Rank with the beſt govern'd Nation;
That War or Peace, or both at once, may be
As Things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, Father, ſhall have foremoſt Hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remember'd) all our State;
And (Heav'n conſigning to my good Intents)
No Prince, nor Peer, ſhall have juſt Cauſe to ſay,
Heav'n ſhorten Harry's happy Life one Day.

LESSON XCI.

BELCOUR AND STOCKWELL.

STOCKWELL.

MR. Belcour, I am rejoiced to ſee you; you are welcome to England.

BELCOUR.

I thank you heartily, good Mr. Stockwell; you and I have long converſed at a Diſtance; now we are met, and the Pleaſure this Meeting gives me, amply

amply compenſates for the Perils I have run through in accompliſhing it.

STOCKWELL.

What Perils, Mr. Belcour? I could not have thought you would have met a bad Paſſage at this Time o' Year.

BELCOUR.

Nor did we: Courier-like, we came poſting to your Shores; upon the Pinions of the ſwifteſt Gales that ever blew; it is upon Engliſh Ground all my Difficulties have ariſen; it is the Paſſage from the River-Side I complain of.

STOCKWELL.

Ay, indeed; What Obſtructions can you have met between this and the River-Side?

BELCOUR.

Innumerable! Your Town's as full of Defiles as the Iſland of Corſica: and, I believe they are as obſtinately defended; ſo much Hurry, Buſtle, and Confuſion, on your Quays; ſo many Sugar-Caſks, Porter-Butts, and Common-Council Men, in your Streets; that unleſs a Man marched with Artillery in his Front, it is more than the Labor of a Hercules can effect, to make any tolerable Way through your Town.

STOCKWELL.

I am ſorry you have been ſo incommoded.

BELCOUR.

Why, faith it was all my own Fault, accuſtomed to

to a Land of Slaves, and out of Patience with the whole Tribe of Cuſtom Houſe Extortioners, Boatmen, Tide-waiters, and Water-Bailiffs, that beſet me on all Sides, worſe than a Swarm of Muſquetoes, I proceeded a little too roughly to bruſh them away with my Rattan; the ſturdy Rogues took this in Dudgeon, and beginning to rebel, the Mob choſe different Sides, and a furious Scuffle enſued; in the Courſe of which, my Perſon and Apparel ſuffered ſo much, that I was obliged to ſtep into the firſt Tavern to refit, before I could make my Approaches in any decent Trim.

STOCKWELL.

Well, Mr. Belcour, it is a rough Sample you have had of my Countrymen's Spirit; but I truſt, you will not think the worſe of them for it.

BELCOUR.

Not at all, not at all; I like them the better; was I only a Viſitor, I might, perhaps wiſh them a little more tractable; but as a fellow Subject, and a Sharer in their Freedom, I applaud their Spirit, though I feel the Effects of it in every Bone of my Skin.—Well, Mr. Stockwell, for the firſt Time in my Life, here am I in England; at the Fountain Head of Pleaſure; in the Land of Beauty, of Arts, and Elegancies. My happy Stars have given me a good Eſtate, and the conſpiring Winds have blown me hither to ſpend it.

STOCKWELL.

To uſe it, not to waſte it, I ſhould hope; to treat it, Mr. Belcour, not as a Vaſſal, over whom you have

have a wanton deſpotic Power, but as a Subject, which you are bound to govern with a temperate and reſtrained Authority,

BELCOUR.

True, Sir; moſt truly ſaid; mine's a Commiſſion, not a Right: I am the Offspring of Diſtreſs, and every Child of Sorrow is my Brother; while I have Hands to hold, therefore, I will hold them open to Mankind; but, Sir, my Paſſions are my Maſters; they take me where they will; and oftentimes they leave to Reaſon and Virtue nothing but my Wiſhes and my Sighs.

STOCKWELL.

Come, come, the Man who can accuſe, corrects himſelf.

BELCOUR.

Ah! that is an Office I am weary of; I wiſh a Friend would take it up: I would to Heaven you had Leiſure for the Employ; but, did you drive a Trade to the four Corners of the World, you would not find the Taſk ſo toilſome as to keep me free from Faults.

STOCKWELL.

Well, I am not diſcouraged; this Candour tells me I ſhould not have the Fault of Self-Conceit to combat; that at leaſt, is not amongſt the Number.

BELCOUR.

No; if I knew that Man on Earth who thought more humbly of me than I do of myſelf, I would take up his Opinion and forego my own.

STOCKWELL.

STOCKWELL.

And was I to chuſe a Pupil, it ſhould be one of your Complexion; ſo if you will come along with me, we will agree upon your Admiſſion, and enter upon a Courſe of Lectures directly.

BELCOUR.

With all my Heart.—

LESSON XCII.

HERCULES'S CHOICE.

WHEN Hercules was in that Part of his Youth, in which it was natural for him to conſider what Courſe of Life he ought to purſue, he one Day retired into a Deſart, where the Silence and Solitude of the Place very much favoured his Meditations. As he was muſing on his preſent Condition, and very much perplexed in himſelf on the State of Life he ſhould chuſe, he ſaw two Women of a larger Stature than ordinary, approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble Air, and graceful Deportment; her Beauty was natural and eaſy, her Perſon clean and unſpotted, her Eyes caſt towards the Ground with an agreeable Reſerve, her Motion and Behaviour full of Modeſty, and her Raiment as white as Snow. The other had a great Deal of Health and Floridneſs in her Countenance, which ſhe had helped with an artificial white and red; and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her Mien, by a Mixture of

of Affectation in all her Geſtures. She had a wonderful Confidence and Aſſurance in her Looks, and all the Variety of Colours in her Dreſs, that ſhe thought were the moſt proper to ſhew her Complexion to Advantage. She caſt her Eyes upon herſelf, then turned them on thoſe that were preſent, to ſee how they liked her, and often looked on the Figure ſhe made in her own ſhadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, ſhe ſtepped before the other Lady, who came forward with a regular compoſed Carriage, and running up to him accoſted him after the following Manner.

" My dear Hercules, ſays ſhe, I find you are very much divided in your own Thoughts upon the Way of Life that you ought to chuſe: be my Friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the Poſſeſſion of Pleaſure, and out of the Reach of Pain, and remove you from all the Noiſe and Diſquietude of Buſineſs. The Affairs of either War or Peace ſhall have no Power to diſturb you. Your whole Employment ſhall be to make your Life eaſy, and to entertain every Senſe with its proper Gratifications. Sumptuous Tables, Beds of Roſes, Clouds of Perfumes, Concerts of Muſic, Crouds of Beauties, are all in Readineſs to receive you. Come along with me into this Region of Delights, this World of Pleaſure, and bid farewell for ever to Care, to Pain, to Buſineſs."

Hercules hearing the Lady talk after this Manner, deſired to know her Name; to which ſhe anſwered, my Friends, and thoſe who are well acquainted with me, call me Happineſs; but my Enemies, and

thoſe

thoſe who would injure my Reputation, have given me the Name of Pleaſure.

By this Time the other Lady was come up, who addreſſed herſelf to the young Hero in a very different Manner.

Hercules, ſays ſhe, "I offer myſelf to you becauſe I know you are deſcended from the Gods, and give Proofs of that Deſcent by your Love to Virtue, and Application to the Studies proper for your Age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourſelf and me an immortal Reputation. But before I invite you into my Society and Friendſhip, I will be open and ſincere with you, and muſt lay down this as an eſtabliſhed Truth, that there is Nothing truly valuable which can be purchaſed without Pains and Labour. The Gods have ſet a Price upon every real and noble Pleaſure. If you would gain the Favour of the Deity, you muſt be at the Pains of worſhipping him; if the Friendſhip of good Men, you muſt ſtudy to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your Country, you muſt take Care to ſerve it. In ſhort, if you would be eminent in War or Peace, you muſt become Maſter of all the Qualifications that can make you ſo. Theſe are the only Terms and Conditions upon which I can propoſe Happineſs." The Goddeſs of Pleaſure here broke in upon her Diſcourſe: "You ſee, ſaid ſhe, Hercules, by her own Confeſſion, the Way to her Pleaſure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propoſe, is ſhort and eaſy." Alas! ſaid the other Lady, whoſe Viſage glowed with Paſſion made up of Scorn and Pity, "What

are the Pleaſures you propoſe! To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirſt, ſleep before you are tired; to gratify Appetites before they are raiſed, and raiſe ſuch Appetites as Nature never planted. You never heard the moſt delicious Muſic, which is the Praiſe of one's Self; nor ſaw the moſt beautiful Object, which is the Work of one's own Hands. Your Votaries paſs away their Youth in a Dream of miſtaken Pleaſures, while they are hoarding up Anguiſh, Torment, and Remorſe for old Age. As for me, I am the Friend of Gods and of good Men, an agreeable Companion to the Artizan, and houſhold Guardian to the Fathers of Families, a Patron and Protector of Servants, an Aſſociate in all true and generous Friendſhips. The Banquets of my Votaries are never coſtly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by Hunger and Thirſt. Their Slumbers are ſound, and their Wakings chearful. My young Men have the Pleaſure of hearing themſelves praiſed by thoſe who are in Years; and thoſe who are in Years, of being honoured by thoſe who are young. In a Word, my Followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their Acquaintance, eſteemed by their Country, and, after the Cloſe of their Labours, honoured by Poſterity. We know, by the Life of this memorable Hero, to which of theſe two Ladies he gave up his Heart; and I believe every one who reads this, will do him the Juſtice to approve his Choice.

LESSON

LESSON XCIII.

On the Improvement of Time.

YE that are vigorous in Health, and blooming in Years, improve the precious Opportunity. Improve your golden Hours to the nobleſt of all Purpoſes; ſuch as may render you meet for the Inheritance of the Saints in Light; and aſcertain your Title to a State of Immortal Youth, to a Crown of eternal Glory. Stand not all the Prime of your Day idle; trifle no longer with the Offers of this immenſe Felicity; but make haſte and delay not the Time to keep God's Commandments. While you are loitering in a gay Inſenſibility, Death may be bending his Bow, and marking you out for ſpeedy Victims.—Not long ago, I happened to ſpy a thoughtleſs Jay. The poor Bird was idly buſied in dreſſing his pretty Plumes, or hopping careleſly from Spray to Spray. A Sportſman coming by, obſerved the feather'd Rover, and immediately lifts the Tube, and levels his Blow. Swifter than Whirlwind flies the leaden Death, and in a Moment lays the ſilly Creature breathleſs on the Ground.—Such, ſuch may be the Fate of the Man, who has a fair Occaſion of obtaining Grace to-day; and wantonly poſtpones the Improvement of it till to-morrow. He may be cut off in the Midſt of his Folly; and ruined for ever, while he is dreaming of being wiſe hereafter.

LESSON XCIV.

Reflections on a future State.

'TIS done!—Dread Winter ſpreads the lateſt
Glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd Years.
How dead the vegetable Kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful. Horror wide extends
His deſolate Domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictur'd Life; paſs ſome few Years
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent
Strength,
Thy ſober Autumn fading into Age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the Scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Thoſe Dreams of Greatneſs, thoſe unſolid Hopes,
Of Happineſs? thoſe Longings after Fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs Cares? thoſe buſy buſtling Days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent, feſtive Nights? thoſe veering
Thoughts
Loſt between Good and Ill, that ſhar'd thy Life?
All now are vaniſh'd! Virtue ſole ſurvives,
Immortal, never-failing Friend of Man,
His Guide to Happineſs on high.—And ſee!
'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the ſecond Birth
Of Heaven and Earth! Awakening Nature hears
The new creating Word, and ſtarts to Life,
In every heighten'd Form, from Pain and Death
For ever free. The great eternal Scheme,
Involving All, and in a perfect Whole
Uniting, as the Proſpect wider ſpreads,

To

To Reaſon's Eye refin'd, clears up apace.
Ye vainly wiſe! ye blind Preſumptuous! now,
Confounded in the Duſt, adore that Power,
And Wiſdom oft arraign'd: ſee now the Cauſe,
Why unaſſuming Worth in Secret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected: Why the good Man's Share
In Life was Gall and Bitterneſs of Soul;
Why the lone Widow, and her Orphans pin'd.
In ſtarving Solitude: while Luxury,
In Palaces, lay ſtraining her low Thoughts,
To form unreal Wants: Why Heaven-born Truth
And Moderation fair, wore the red Marks
Of Superſtition's Scourge; Why licens'd Pain,
That cruel Spoiler, that emboſom'd Foe,
Imbitter'd all our Bliſs. Ye good Diſtreſt!
Ye noble Few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath Life's Preſſure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded View, which only ſaw
A little Part, deem'd Evil is no more;
The Storms of Wint'ry Time will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

LESSON XCV.

The Great Tribunal.

On that great Day the ſolemn Trump ſhall ſound,
(That Trump which once in Heaven, on Man's Revolt
Convok'd th' aſtoniſh'd Seraphs;) at whoſe Voice
Th' unpeopled Graves ſhall pour forth all their Dead.

Then

Then ſhall th' aſſembled Nations of the Earth
From ev'ry Quarter at the Judgment Seat
Unite; Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians; and they who dwelt on Tiber's Banks,
Names fam'd of old: or who of later Age,
Chineſe and Ruſſian, Mexican and Turk,
Tenant the wide Terrene; and they who pitch
Their Tents on Niger's Banks; or where the Sun
Pours on Golconda's Spires his early Light,
Drink Ganges' ſacred Stream. At once ſhall riſe
Whom diſtant Ages to each others Sight
Had long denied: Before the Throne ſhall kneel
Some great Progenitor, while at his Side
Stands his Deſcendants thro' a thouſand Lines.
Whate'er their Nation, and whate'er their Rank,
Heroes and Patriarchs, Slaves and ſceptred Kings.
With equal Eye the God of All ſhall ſee,
And judge with equal Love.

LESSON XCVI.

The End of the World.

HOW ſhall the Muſe, her Numbers all too weak,
Tell how that reſtleſs Element of Fire
Shall wage with Seas and Earth inteſtine War,
And deluge all Creation! Whether (ſo
Some think) the Comet, as thro' Fields of Air
Lawleſs he wanders, ſhall ruſh headlong on,
Thwarting th' Ecliptic where th' unconſcious Earth
Rolls in her wonted Courſe; whether the Sun

With

With Force centripetal into his Orb
Attract her long reluctant; or the Caves,
Thoſe dread Volcanos where engend'ring lye
Sulphureous Minerals, from their dark Abyſs
Pour Streams of liquid Fire; while from above,
As erſt on Sodom, Heav'n's avenging Hand
Rains fierce Combuſtion.—Where are now the Works
Of Art, the Toil of Ages? Where are now
Th' Imperial Cities, Sepulchres and Domes,
Trophies and Pillars? Where is Egypt's Boaſt,
Thoſe lofty Pyramids which high in Air
Rear'd their aſpiring Heads, to diſtant Times
Of Memphian Pride, a laſting Monument?
Tell me where Athens rais'd her Towers?—Where Thebes,
Open'd her hundred Portals?—Tell me where
Stood Sea-girt Albion?—Where Imperial Rome
Propt by ſeven Hills, ſat like a ſceptred Queen,
And aw'd the tributary World to Peace?
Shew me the Rampart, which o'er many a Hill
Thro' many a Valley ſtretch'd its wide Extent,
Rais'd by that mighty Monarch, to repel
The roving Tartar, when with Inſult rude
'Gainſt Pekin's Towers he bent th' unerring Bow.
But what is mimic Art! ev'n Nature's Works,
Seas, Meadows, Paſtures, the meand'ring Streams,
And everlaſting Hills ſhall be no more.
No more ſhall Teneriff Cloud-piercing Height
O'er hang th'Atlantic Surge.—Nor that fam'd Cliff
Thro' which the Perſian ſteer'd with many a Sail

Throw

Throw to the Lemnian Iſle its Evening Shade,
O'er half the wide Ægean.—Where's Ararat,
That Hill on which the faithful Patriarch's Ark,
Which ſeven long Months had voyag'd o'er its Top,
Firſt reſted, when the Earth with all her Sons,
As now by ſtreaming Cataracts of Fire,
Was whelm'd by mighty Waters?—All at once
Are vaniſh'd and diſſolv'd; no Trace remains,
No Mark of vain Diſtinction: Heaven itſelf,
That Azure Vault, with all thoſe radiant Orbs,
Sinks in the univerſal Ruin loſt.—
No more ſhall Planets round their central Sun
Move in harmonious Dance; no more the Moon
Hang out her Silver Lamp; and thoſe fix'd Stars
Spangling the golden Canopy of Night,
Which oft the Tuſcan with his optic Glaſs
Call'd from their wond'rous Height, to read their Names
And Magnitude, ſome winged Miniſter
Shall quench; and (ſureſt Sign that all on Earth
Is loſt) ſhall rend from Heav'n the myſtic Bow.—
Such is that awful, that tremendous Day,
Whoſe Coming who ſhall tell! for as a Thief
Unheard, unſeen, it ſteals with ſilent Pace
Thro' Night's dark Gloom.—Perhaps as here I muſe,
And rudely carol theſe incondite Lays,
Soon ſhall the Hand be check'd, and dumb the Mouth
That liſps the fault'ring Strain.—O may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-ſpent Hour,
But find me wrapt in Meditations high,

Hymning

Hymning my great Creator!

" Power ſupreme!
" O everlaſting King! to thee I kneel,
" To thee I lift my Voice. With fervent Heat
" Melt all ye Elements! And thou high Heaven,
" Shrink like a ſhrivell'd Scroll! But think, O
" Lord!
" Think on the beſt, the nobleſt of thy Works;
" Think on thine own bright Image! Think on
" him!
" Who dy'd to ſave us from thy righteous Wrath;
" And 'midſt the Wreck of Worlds remember
" Man?"

LESSON XCVII.

Reflections on the Diſſolution of the visible World.

LET us reflect upon this Occaſion on the Vanity and tranſient Glory of this habitable World. How by the Force of one Element breaking looſe upon the reſt, all the Vanities of Nature, all the Works of Art, all the Labours of Men, are reduced to Nothing. All that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vaniſhed; and another Form and Face of Things, plain, ſimple, and every where the ſame, overſpreads the whole Earth. Where are now the great Empires of the World, and their great Imperial Cities? Their Pillars, Trophies, and Monuments of Glory?

Shew

Shew me where they ſtood, read the Inſcription, tell me the Victor's Name? What Remains, what Impreſſions, what Difference, or Diſtinction, do you ſee in this Maſs of Fire? Rome itſelf, eternal Rome, the great City, the Empreſs of the World, whoſe Domination and Superſtition, ancient and modern, make a great Part of the Hiſtory of this Earth; what is become of her now? She laid her Foundations deep, and her Palaces were ſtrong and ſumptuous: She glorified herſelf, and lived deliciouſly, and ſaid in her Heart, I ſit a Queen, and ſhall ſee no Sorrow: But her Hour is come, ſhe is wiped away from the Face of the Earth, and buried in everlaſting Oblivion. But it is not Cities only, and Works of Men's Hands, but the everlaſting Hills, the Mountains and Rocks of the Earth are melted as Wax before the Sun, and their Place is no where found. Here ſtood the Alps, the Load of the Earth, that covered many Countries, and reached their Arms from the Ocean to the Black Sea; this huge Maſs of Stone is ſoftened and diſſolved as a tender Cloud into Rain. Here ſtood the African Mountains, and Atlas with his Top above the Clouds; there was frozen Caucaſus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the Mountains of Aſia: and yonder towards the North ſtood the Riphæan Hills, cloath'd in Ice and Snow. All theſe are vaniſh'd; dropt away as the Snow upon their Heads. Great and marvellous are thy Works, juſt and true are thy Ways, thou King of Saints! Hallelujah!

LESSON XCVIII.

The present Life, considered merely in itself, a low Scene of Action.

WHAT is this Life but a Circulation of little mean Actions? We lie down and riſe again, dreſs and undreſs, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the Circle returns. We ſpend the Day in Trifles, and when the Night comes, we throw ourſelves into the Bed of Folly, amongſt Dreams and broken Thoughts and wild Imaginations. Our Reaſon lies aſleep by us, and we are for the Time as arrant Brutes as thoſe that ſleep in the Stalls or in the Field. Are not the Capacities of Man higher than theſe? And ought not his Ambition and Expectations to be greater? Let us be Adventurers for another World: 'Tis at leaſt a fair and noble Chance, and there is nothing in this worth our Thoughts or our Paſſions. If we ſhould be diſappointed, we are ſtill no worſe than the reſt of our Fellow-Mortals; and if we ſucceed in our Expectations, we are eternally happy.

LESSON XCIX.

On Heaven.

HEAV'N! that World of Bliſs, that Region of Light and Happineſs! O! what Pencil can ſketch out a Draught of that goodly Land? What Tongue can

can expreſs the incomparable Splendor of Chriſt's Kingdom? Would ſome kind celeſtial Hand draw aſide the Veil, but for a Moment, and permit us to caſt but a ſingle Glance on thoſe divine Abodes; how dull and inſipid would the Poſſeſſions of this World inſtantly appear? The Garden of Paradiſe itſelf, after ſuch a Sight, would appear as a lonely Deſart, and all earthly Charms as a World of Pain. Very excellent Things are ſpoken of thee, thou City of God. Volumes have been written to diſplay the Wonders of thy Perfections. All that is rich and ſplendid in this viſible Creation has been called in to aid our Conceptions, and elevate our Minds. But no Tongue can utter, no Pen can deſcribe, no Fancy can imagine what God of his unbounded Goodneſs, has prepared for them that love him.—Seeing then, that all earthly Things muſt ſoon come to an End; and there remaineth ſuch a Reſt, ſuch a bliſsful and everlaſting Reſt for the People of God; let me never be too fondly attached to any preſent Satisfactions. Weaned from whatever is temporal, may I maintain a perfect Indifference for all ſuch tranſitory Enjoyments; but may I long, earneſtly long for the Manſions that are above, the Paradiſe which the Lord hath planted, and not Man. Thither may I tranſmit the Chief of my Converſation, and there expect the Whole of my Happineſs.

LESSON C.

Contemplations on future Blessedness, a noble source of Joy to the true Christian.

WITH what Joy ſhould we think of thoſe great and glorious Things which God hath prepared for them that love him, of that Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, which fadeth not away, reſerved for us in the Heavens? How ſhould we welcome the Thoughts of that happy Hour; when we ſhall make our Eſcape out of this howling Wilderneſs into the promiſed Land; when we ſhall be removed from all the Troubles and Temptations of a wicked and ill-natured World; when we ſhall be paſt all Storms, and ſecured from all further Danger of Shipwreck, and ſhall be ſafely landed in the Regions of Bliſs and Immortality? O bleſſed Time! when all Tears ſhall be wiped from our Eyes, and Death and Sorrow ſhall be no more; when Mortality ſhall be ſwallowed up of Life, and we ſhall enter upon the Poſſeſſion of all that Happineſs and Glory which God hath promiſed, and our Faith hath believed, and our Hopes have raiſed us to the Expectation of; when we ſhall be eaſed of all our Pains, and reſolved of all our Doubts, and be purged from all our Sins, and be freed from all our Fears, and be happy beyond all our Hopes, and have all this Happineſs ſecured

to us beyond the Power of Time and Change; when we ſhall know God and other Things without Study, and love him and one another without Meaſure, and ſerve and praiſe him without Wearineſs, and obey his Will without Reluctancy; and ſhall ſtill be more and more delighted in the knowing, and loving, and praiſing, and obeying of God to all Eternity.

Eternity! that boundleſs Race,
Which Time himſelf can never run,
Swift as he flies with an unwearied Pace,
Which when Ten Thouſand Thouſand Years are done,
Is ſtill the ſame, and ſtill to be begun.

FINIS.